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WHITE MEN'S ARROGANCE was never better displayed than in Secretary Kellogg's demand that the foreign settlement of Shanghai be made a neutral zone. There are, he said, 30,000 foreigners, including 4,000 Americans, in Shanghai, and they should be spared the rigors of civil war. It happens that Shanghai is a part of China, and that there are some two million Chinese in Shanghai who, whatever happens, will undoubtedly suffer more than any of the foreigners. The white men in the East persist in thinking that they are entitled to exemption from the perils and difficulties which yellow men have to suffer.

SOMEONE IN SHANGHAI has reminded the British that Shanghai is not a British city. There is in it, to be sure, an "international settlement" administered by a council of foreign taxpayers, but even that is technically Chinese soil. The British, however, serenely content with the old doctrine that possession is nine-tenths of the law, started to build barracks in Jessfield Park, outside the boundaries of the International Settlement, planning to house in them a part of their Chinese expeditionary force. The Chinese authorities protested—even the friendly local militarist protested; and the British had to change their plans. Then "someone" on the Municipal Council protested against quartering the troops anywhere within the "international" city. The cable dispatches did not tell us who protested; but when one recalls the fact that the council is composed, with three exceptions, of Englishmen, that its two American members are as British in their views as any Britisher, and that the other member is Japanese, one can guess. The Japanese are beginning to recall that they are Asiatics, that the British-Japanese alliance was broken by the British to please America, and that British colonies and the United States exclude them as undesirables; and their policy in China is cutting square across the British program of force. The British, therefore, announce that while they will defend Shanghai at any cost the expeditionary force will be diverted to Hongkong, which they took from China after the First Opium War, and Weihaiwei, which they grabbed in 1898, promised in 1921 to return, and still hold. Naturally the Cantonese have broken off negotiations, declaring that they will not parley under duress.

"WANTED: MARINES, for service in China," the recruiting boards read all over the United States. The marines have been withdrawn from the mail-trucks, mobilized at the ports, and, like the British regiments, are being transshipped for the Orient. We have no concessions in China, it is true; our officials make as pretty speeches as the British; but we have sixty warships in Eastern waters, and will soon have 15,000 troops available. Does anyone in Washington expect the Chinese to take our words seriously when our actions speak the language of war?

WE CONTINUE TO INTERVENE in Nicaragua. The New York *Herald Tribune* for February 7 contains two dispatches which it is amusing to set side by side. Linton Wells, the *Tribune's* own special correspondent in Nicaragua, cables that when the Diaz forces learned that the Liberals were about to attack Chinandega "Major L. J. Clay, American officer attached to the Nicaragua National Guard, hastened from Managua [the capital] with 100 men. At noon the *Herald Tribune* correspondent flew to the war zone from Managua in a Nicaraguan air-service plane, piloted by Major Lee Mason [former United States marine]. . . . Major Mason and Major Brooks dropped bombs for the moral effect but did not engage in the conflict." Mr. Wells notes that "No American or other foreign lives or property were endangered there," but "in the event that the Liberals remain in control at Chinandega it is virtually certain that the American naval men will land there, establish a neutral zone, and reestablish communications." That is what Americans have done elsewhere in Nicaragua thus far—help Diaz, drop bombs, establish neutral zones wherever the Liberals win, disarm Liberals, dump their ammunition into the rivers, and then—well, let Admiral Latimer talk. "The American naval forces are not engaging in any operations against either side in Nicaragua and

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are confining themselves solely to the protection of the lives and property of foreigners," Rear Admiral Julian Latimer declared, according to the *Tribune*, on the same day that Wells filed his dispatch. Evidently the Navy Department, like the State Department, contains men who do not know what truth is.

ARE WE GOVERNED BY LIARS? Is our chief press agency in the hands of men unwilling to let the truth be known? Does the Foreign Relations Committee of the United States Senate consider it more important to cover up the tracks of the men who make mistakes and then tell falsehoods to conceal them than to let the people know the truth? It would seem so, for on February 2 it voted not to report out the Norris resolution which would give the public the facts about the shady transactions in which Mr. Olds, of the State Department, induced the Associated Press to carry insinuating stories about Mexico for which the Department was ashamed to stand in public. (Our editorial, Manufactured News, in *The Nation* for December 15, told the story.) Senator Willis was reported as saying, during the discussion, that "the newspaper boys had the best of it," but that it would hurt American prestige if Secretary Kellogg were proved guilty of misrepresenting facts. It would; it did; it hurts still more to keep him in office.

THE GERMAN REPUBLIC accepted the most reactionary Cabinet in its history just as interallied "control" ended, at the beginning of February. The two events are not unrelated. Germany is assuredly better and more defiantly armed today than she was in the days when scores of Allied officers, each with his private car and chauffeur, his *Wohnung* and expense account, toured Germany endeavoring to snoop out secret armaments and fortifications. Resentment grew; the chief result of the Arms Control Commission was to fix in the minds of unpolitical Germans a sense of wrong and readiness to condone any violation of the armament clauses. Gradually the Allies have learned the futility of persecution; the transfer of control to the League of Nations means that control virtually ceases. The Allies even accepted a compromise by which the Germans are permitted to retain some of the Eastern fortifications which they have erected in flagrant violation of the Treaty of Versailles, another step in the inevitable process of nullification. With the change may come a new psychology, a spontaneous German interest in German disarmament. The new Cabinet includes violently reactionary members of the Nationalist Party—men who participated in the Kapp Putsch of 1920 and have maintained illegal military-training camps on their country estates—but its acceptance of the conciliation policy in foreign affairs permits it to hold the votes of middle-of-the-road men. The Democrats have at last left the Coalition; but of the Centrists only ex-Chancellor Wirth voted against the new Cabinet.

THE PRACTICAL WORKINGS of legislation are entertainingly illustrated in Washington by the mutual aid society organized by the representatives of the bankers and the farmers. Never has there been a more beautiful picture of lion and lamb lying down together. Up to recently the McNary-Haugen farm-relief bill was considered doubtful of passage, to say the least. The same was true of the McFadden bill, permitting certain branch-banking activities to national banks and extending the charters of the Federal Reserve banks. Also the "farm bloc" numbered some of the most pronounced foes of the banking bill while the bankers were known to oppose the McNary-Haugen measure. Presto, change! Somebody pulled some strings; an offensive and defensive alliance was concluded between the farmers and the bankers. Neither side agreed to vote for the other's bill but each promised not to talk against the rival measure and to help in bringing it to a vote by applying the cloture if necessary. Principles are well enough in their way, but they weigh little or nothing against the exigencies of practical politics.

PEONAGE AND LYNCHING are blood brothers. A federal grand jury has brought indictments against two Mississippi farmers for violation of the peonage law and the investigation in that State and in Louisiana has only just begun. The system of enslavement is simple and effective; Negro tenant farmers have no money; the plantation stores are ready to furnish credit, payment for goods purchased to be made out of the proceeds of the crop. No accounts are kept, and when the season is over the Negro finds that he owes the plantation-owner money which he must take out in work the following year. Negroes who protest are, if the owner is a polite and generous-hearted fellow, kicked quietly outdoors. More drastic action, however, has been known to result from too much temerity. Where the black man is illiterate, impoverished, and ignorant of his civil rights he has no protection whatever from this sort of exploitation. And lynching is only one step away. The latest mob murder—as we go to press—took place on February 1 in Texas. Jailed for cutting a white man's throat, a Negro was sent by the sheriff, who feared "foul play," in an automobile with two deputies to the nearest town where proper protection might be expected. All the usual things happened and the Negro was hanged. The mob was unmasked; a young woman in town, according to the Houston *Press*, said she knew three hours before that the lynching was to take place and was sorry that her work prevented her from attending. The sheriff declared that he was "making every effort to find the leaders of the mob," but "it is very difficult. There were many strangers in town [Conroe, Texas, population about 500] that day and no one was able to get a good description of the men."

UNWILLINGNESS TO ARBITRATE is usually an indication of a bad cause. The members of the Greater New York Paper Box Manufacturers' Association have flatly refused to meet representatives of the striking workers in an attempt to settle the strike now going on. Committees of churchmen, lawyers, editors, social workers, and finally Acting Mayor McKee have urged the manufacturers to arbitrate, only to be met with a polite but firm negative. The employers say that the strike is over, that only some two hundred workers are still out, that business is going on as usual. The workers reply that 2,000 workers are on strike and that if business is normal it should not be necessary for the employers to insist on police protection for strike breakers. The union alleges that wages are low, that working conditions are unsanitary and dangerous, and that the employers are thoroughly hostile to the idea of unionizing the workers. It may be that the manufacturers can disprove some of these allegations, but if they are not willing to do so before impartial arbitrators, few persons will believe that they have a good case.

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IN THESE DAYS when certain newspapers are engaged chiefly in peddling smut and vulgarity it is a pleasure to ecord the signal public service performed by the Macon Georgia) *Telegraph* in blasting the pretensions of the Su-reme Kingdom and in keeping many people (it is to be oped) from putting money into it. The fact that the *Tele-raph* is published in a section of the country which is trongly fundamentalist makes its action the more courage-us, since the Supreme Kingdom masquerades as a "reli-ious, patriotic, and benevolent" organization, the purpose f which is to fight atheism and "its ally" evolution. The Sovereign" of the Supreme Kingdom, it will be recalled, is dward Young Clarke, who was forced out of the leader-hip of the Ku Klux Klan. The *Telegraph* obtained and rinted documents showing that of the $12.50 which each Crusader" paid for a membership $8.12½ went to Clarke's rganization Service Company and $2 more to those nancing the Supreme Kingdom, leaving only $2.37½ for he proclaimed purposes of the society. The *Telegraph* howed further that the Supreme Kingdom was acting as n *agent provocateur* in circulating atheist literature in istricts where it would arouse resentment.

THE REVELATIONS of the *Telegraph* also drove the Rev. John Roach Straton of New York into a corner nd were presumably the influence which forced that mud-linging fundamentalist to give up the job of religious irector of the Supreme Kingdom, a connection previously nnounced by "Sovereign" Clarke. When Mr. Straton ar-ived in Macon to deliver an address the *Telegraph* invited im to visit its office first and examine its proofs of the ommercial character of the Supreme Kingdom. He did not o so. Instead he made his speech, declaring "I am not reaching or lecturing for money." The *Telegraph* flatly harged him with taking a fee of $500 for a previous lec-ure in Atlanta, whereupon he wrote it a letter admitting hat he had collected the money but that it had included ther work taking a week's time. When the hard-talking ominie got back to New York he found the atmosphere so ot that he severed his relations with the Supreme King-om; he suddenly found that he hadn't time for it, although t had been announced that he would make sixty lectures n its behalf. He denounced the *Telegraph's* articles as premature." That journal aptly replies: "For Dr. Straton nd the Supreme Kingdom the propitious time for pub-ication would have been after the Supreme Kingdom had aked in its $20,000,000 and Dr. Straton had been honored vith 'honorariums' from the sixty lectures."

LOUISIANA'S FUNDAMENTALISTS do not wait for laws; they act as a supergovernment superior to the lected legislature. Last year the legislature refused to ass an anti-evolution bill; this year the State superintend-nt of public instruction, at the behest of a group of Baptist inisters, has by executive fiat forbidden instruction in evo-ution. Across the river in Arkansas the fundamentalists re still working through legislative channels. They would nake it a crime, punishable by a fine of $500, for State-upported teachers to say that man has "descended or scended" from other forms of life; they bar textbooks naking that suggestion. Fortunately Arkansas has an alert ntelligentsia. A strong group of university professors is ublicly demanding intellectual freedom; a student petition upports them; Dr. Hay Watson Smith, a Presbyterian min-ister of Little Rock, is preaching Erasmus's doctrine that "By identifying the new learning with heresy you make orthodoxy synonymous with ignorance." The Little Rock *Daily News*, the El Dorado *News*, and, more cautiously, the *Arkansas Gazette* are helping in the fight for freedom. Meanwhile *The Nation* owes the State of Kentucky an apology. In our issue of February 2 we stated that Ken-tucky stood with Tennessee in having an anti-evolution law on its books. We should have written Mississippi; Ken-tucky still has faith in the power of truth to make its way unaided by legislative fiats and prohibitions.

SIGMUND ZEISLER of the Chicago bar has rendered a public service in recording in the *Illinois Law Journal* his recollections of the trial of the Chicago anarchists. He is the sole survivor of all the prominent actors in that dreadful tragedy; the judges, the jurymen, the counsel, the prisoners have all passed away; after forty-one years Mr. Zeisler, an assistant counsel, alone is left to write with candor and detachment of one of the most terrible tragedies in the history of American jurisprudence. No one can read this story without being moved and horrified, for there was never one shadow of proof that any of the men arrested was guilty. A cleverly worked up case by the State, in-tense passion of press and public, the horror of the act itself, all led to what was nothing else than a judicial lynch-ing. In part the victims suffered because of the errors of their lawyer, which Mr. Zeisler has also set forth. But the fact remains that they were "framed up," and were the vic-tims of a popular outcry. Unfortunately, given a similar crime and similar public excitement we should indubitably see a repetition of this tragedy. If anybody thinks that our American courts really protect the innocent and are above being influenced by popular hysteria he should read Mr. Zeisler's article.

TO HONOR JOHN HAYNES HOLMES, pastor of the Community Church, on the twentieth anniversary of his extraordinary pastorate, one thousand people met at dinner in New York City on February 3. There is no more important experiment in the church in the United States than this congregation in the heart of the city of Mammon, which, opposed as it is to the existing social order, holds its own, is financially independent, and powerfully influences the lives of multitudes. Mr. Holmes's achievement has brought hope to the hearts of many people who had begun to believe that there was no use trying to carry on anything that resembled a church. Already the example of the New York Community Church is making its influence felt in the country; a similar Boston church, a direct result of Mr. Holmes's preaching, has had an average attendance of 1,200 persons at its Sunday sessions this winter. Mr. Holmes himself is so well known to liberals all over the country that it seems unnecessary to point out that he typifies fearless pacifism, a deeply religious self-consecration, complete pulpit independence, patriotic service of the highest type. Deeply imbued with the New England tradition, he has fought for the old-fashioned American ideals of free speech, liberty of press, and liberty of assembly without thought of cost to himself. And through the years of struggle his congrega-tion has grown, accepted his breaking of denominational fetters, expanded its activities to embrace the city. The Protestant church in America would not be losing ground if it included more John Haynes Holmeses.

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The Right to Confiscate

MEXICO, says Mr. Coolidge, is going to confiscate American property without paying for it, and that is a deadly sin. The issue therefore cannot be arbitrated. Now, in the first place, this is humbug, because the Mexicans are at most diminishing American property rights, since they propose to substitute fifty-year oil concessions for eternal ones. Even if it were confiscation the President would be enunciating a dangerous doctrine and making a dangerous stand, for the United States Government has repeatedly destroyed rights in private property, confiscated *without compensation* the property of citizens of foreign countries residing here, and has refused to heed their protests.

When Mr. Hughes was Secretary of State and would not recognize the Mexican Government and the Soviet Government because they did not guarantee the sacredness of private property, we pointed out some of these cases. When the United States abolished slavery it abolished private property owned by Mexicans, Spaniards, Englishmen, Frenchmen, and we know not how many other foreign citizens. It is idle to point out that the Emancipation Proclamation was a war-time measure; that in no wise relieved the Government of the United States from responsibility. There was no war, moreover, when we passed the Prohibition Amendment and the Volstead Act. Many hundreds of foreigners held shares in distilleries and breweries, or owned them outright. In the exercise of its police power the United States destroyed these properties out of hand; if they could not be transformed into some other line of business, or were not operated illegally, these foreigners lost by virtue of confiscation the money which they had invested in good faith in enterprises which were legal at the time of the investment. Did anybody rise in the House or Senate or White House and demand that these foreigners be reimbursed? Did any country, such as France or Great Britain, threaten to break off relations with us? Not one.

If the Mexican case were as black as Mr. Coolidge and Mr. Kellogg paint it, it would still be lily-white compared to what the United States has recently done in the wholesale stealing of the private property of foreigners. Reverting to the practices of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, our Alien Property Custodian stole some 4,500 German, Austrian, and Hungarian patents worth about a half billion dollars. The Supreme Court, in the Chemical Foundation case, admitted that this was confiscation, but declared that the confiscation of private enemy property was not in conflict with the Constitution, because the procedure did not violate the criminal law or commit fraud. It being outside of its scope, the Supreme Court omitted to tell one truth, namely, that the transaction was grossly contrary to the accepted tradition of international law. For the United States, with such a record as this, to criticize Mexico is to exhibit Anglo-Saxon hypocrisy in its most revolting form.

Surely there must be lawyers in the State Department who know that it is a hoary rule of the English common law that an alien may hold land only by sufferance of the Crown. There are whole volumes of judicial decisions expounding this principle, which the colonists brought to America along with their theories of religious and personal liberties—at a time when the Bolsheviks were as unknown as the dodo today. Is there no one among Mr. Coolidge's advisers who has ever read that decision of the United States Supreme Court which says:

> It is obvious that one who is not a citizen and cannot become one lacks an interest in, and the power to effectually work for the welfare of, the state, and, so lacking, the state may rightfully deny him the right to own and lease real estate within its boundaries. If one incapable of citizenship may lease or own real estate, it is within the realm of possibility that every foot of land within the state might pass to the ownership or possession of non-citizens. (Terrace *vs.* Thompson, 263 U. S. 197, 220, 221.)

Several American States have adopted laws discriminating against aliens, and some of these have been in effect retroactive. California and Washington, it is well known refuse to permit aliens ineligible to citizenship—Washington includes other aliens who have not declared their intention to become citizens—to own or lease land; and the Supreme Court has affirmed the validity of these statutes which have a retroactive effect. Pennsylvania does not permit aliens to own firearms and its statute compelled aliens to dispose of firearms purchased previous to the enactment of the law. Our immigration laws are regularly applied retroactively.

The pundits in Washington who happen to have charge of the honor of this country cannot be so incredibly ignorant as not to know of these things, as not to know that no nation ever contracts with anybody, whether foreigners or citizens, that its laws will not be changed. What did not the United States Government do to the Indians who were its wards? Has it not stolen their lands, dispossessed them of their private property, often merely to legalize the seizure of those lands by marauding settlers?

There is no issue between us and Mexico which cannot be submitted to judicial determination. Confiscation? Retroactivity? These are not such horrendous bogies. We have indulged in them ourselves; probably we shall indulge in them again. The case in Mexico is not so desperate. The English companies in Mexico accepted the offer of the Mexican Government to let them extract oil for fifty years. We have seen no denial of the press report that even the American oil companies agreed about Christmas day to accept the Mexican oil laws, and a day later were persuaded to change their minds at the suggestion of the State Department, which took the ground that if the Government of the United States yielded to Mexico in this matter there would be no safety for American investors anywhere south of the Rio Grande.

No, the confiscation bogy is a swindle. Big business does not want a liberal government in Mexico; Mr. Kellogg considers the Calles Government too radical; Washington officialdom has imperiously decided that it will not have to the south of us any government that it does not like, that refuses to do our bidding, or that dares to compete with us for the leadership of the American republics. The private-property issue is camouflage. Perhaps the explanation of Mr. Coolidge's refusal to arbitrate is that he knows that if we came into a court of arbitration on this issue we should not come in with anything approaching clean hands.

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Nullification in Tennessee

THERE are men opposed to prohibition who say that the way to get rid of a bad law is to ignore it. There are thers who proclaim the doctrine that the law is the law for a' that." The legalistic fellows rarely apply the theory o the Sunday laws, the traffic laws, or the tax laws, but, or the benefit of the public, they expound the theory in eneral terms.

Rare it is to find a court that nullifies enforcement in he same breath that it finds a statute to be a "good" law. 'et this is exactly what was done by the Supreme Court of 'ennessee in the Scopes case. In spite of three opinions, nterpreting the anti-evolution law in three different ways, he court held that the statute was so clear and definite as ot to violate the federal Constitution, which lays down as a undamental that no law is sound under which a citizen may guess" himself into jail. Having done this, the court pre- ented an appeal to the United States Supreme Court by eversing the judgment on a ground on which no exception as taken in the lower court, which was not raised on appeal to wit, that the court, not the jury, fixed the fine. This as in the face of State precedents, among them State *vs.* reene, 129 Tenn. 619, a liquor case (where perhaps the onstitution is not so important) holding that where the inimum fine is fixed by the judge there is no prejudicial rror. But the Supreme Court went further and suggested —virtually ordered—the Attorney General to nolle prosse he case. Why? The law is sound—the court had just said o. Scopes admittedly violated it. No one could violate it ore than he did. But, the court said, the "peace and ignity of the State" are "better conserved" by dropping he case. The State had already spent thousands of dollars o enforce the law. Certainly the court could not mean that he law should be used on some more defenseless individual vhile this impertinent violator should be free. No sinner ould be more defiant in his sin than Mr. Scopes in his de- ermination to continue teaching the truths of evolution as e saw them; and surely no court would argue that the mpenitent should be selected for pity and pardon.

"Those in charge of the educational affairs of the tate," the court added, "are men and women of discern- nent and culture"; biology "may be entirely omitted from he curriculum of our schools." So may biologists. Pros- pective teachers may be carefully selected and sanitated so s to assure that no honest evolutionist will be made a eacher—or perhaps, no materialist, for only the materialis- ic conception of evolution is contrary to the law, accord- ng to Judge Chambliss. Another way to avoid enforce- ent may be found in quibbling over the meaning of the ord "teach." Judge Chambliss says that "the term is here mployed in the sense of seeking to convince"; the prevailing pinion says that the "statutory scriptural reading" of the ible is not teaching; presumably, then, reading the theory f evolution, or stating it, need not be considered teaching nd a teacher need not fear to expound it if he is careful ot to seek to convince.

Governor Peay, in his message approving the bill, sug- ested that it was the kind of a law which would probably ever be enforced; others have suspected it; the court con- rms it. Does the Supreme Court of Tennessee support hose cynics who say that the way to get rid of a bad law is o ignore it?

The Sick Indian

In 1921 the Indian death-rate per 1,000 of Indian population in the registration area was 17.5. In 1922 it was 19.2 per 1,000. In 1923 it was 22.5 per 1,000. In 1924 it was 25.9 per 1,000, or approximately twice the white death-rate. The excess of births over deaths in 1924 was only 3 per 1,000. The white death-rate is about 12 per 1,000 per year.

The above statistics are startling enough. But the tables show that the Indian death-rate per 1,000 in 1924 was 34.5 in Montana, one of the States with large Indian population, and whose Indians nearly all live on reservations under the exclusive jurisdiction of the Bureau of Indian Affairs. In North Dakota the rate was 33 per 1,000. In Washington it was 34.5 per 1,000. And in Wyoming, whose Indians are under Indian Bureau jurisdiction, the 1924 death-rate was 86.1 per 1,000. These figures presage the extermination of whole great tribes, proceeding swiftly or slowly.

THE figures in this statement by Dr. Haven Emerson, president of the American Indian Defense Association, were obtained from no other source than the Bureau of Indian Affairs. And it is at the bureau that he and his association just now are directing their attack. The federal census, the ultimate source of the statistics, shows infant mortality among the Indians to be two and five-sevenths times greater than among the population of the United States at large, and the proportion of deaths from tuberculosis three times as high as among the white population. Twenty-one per cent of the Indians in the Southwest area are afflicted with trachoma, which leads to blindness and death.

Only two conclusions are possible. "Either the expenditure on Indian medical service is excessively insufficient," says Dr. Emerson, "or the administration of the Indian Health Service is excessively incompetent. As a matter of fact, a disinterested investigation would prove that both these conclusions are substantially correct." Meanwhile the Indian Bureau, says Dr. Emerson, continues to proclaim a falling Indian death-rate and a corresponding increase in the total Indian population. Its figure for 1924 was 312,702; for 1925, 333,674; for 1926, 335,070—in another report 349,876. How are the two sets of data to be reconciled? Dr. Emerson's implication is that the bureau either has neglected to compare them at all or has decided to hide the discrepancy in order to escape the accusation of inefficiency. It is only the federal government to which appeal can be made in the case, since the Indians, being federal charges, do not come under the jurisdiction of the several boards of health which otherwise would care for them. And Dr. Emerson is demanding an investigation by Congress.

It is hardly necessary to speak of the loss which America, whether she knew it or not, would suffer through the swift or slow extermination of one or more Indian tribes. One tribe would be loss enough; it looks as if many were threatened. The future of the first Americans is at best problematical. The continued existence of the race whose continent we took may or may not be important to the present members of that race. It may be totally unimportant to us. Absorption by marriage would give us a few drops of their blood but none of their culture, which we have destroyed anyhow. Our generation should not wish to establish that there is no Indian future whatever.

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The Indecency of Censorship*

By JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

I

ART—including dramatic art—is not, as it is sometimes supposed to be, a trivial thing. It is just as important as any of the other means by which men express their criticism of life, and its freedom is just as essential for the healthy functioning of society as any other freedom. There is no argument for the freedom of thought and of the press which does not apply with equal force to dramatic art.

If you attempt to answer me by saying that certain farces and certain revues are not Art I will reply that it is equally obvious that certain editorials appearing in newspapers are not Thought. We have, however, agreed that when we say that we believe in the freedom of the press we mean just that; we recognize that there is no means of discriminating between this editor or this newspaper, and another, which is not subject to intolerable abuse; and exactly the same thing is true of the stage. If occasional misuse of that freedom is inevitable, we have exactly the same recourse—the laws which make obscenity and libel punishable after due conviction obtained at a trial by jury—in one case as the other. At the present moment the stage enjoys no more liberty than the press. Why should it have less?

Surely no mere impropriety upon the stage is more poisonous than the subtle appeals to the lowest and most destructive human passions contained in the worst of the metropolitan newspapers. Yet we tolerate and must tolerate them if we would avoid worse evils. Set up a censorship of the press and before long *The Nation* would be barred from the mails because the provisions of every censorship law always have been and always will be twisted so as to be made to apply to whatever happens to be distasteful to the authorities in power, and exactly the same thing would happen in the case of an American censorship of the stage. Ibsen's "Ghosts" and Shaw's "Mrs. Warren's Profession" were both banned in England and the latter was banned here. William Winter, the most distinguished dramatic critic of his generation in New York, treated Ibsen's plays as filth, and Anthony Comstock called Shaw "that Irish smut-hound." Whatever may be said of the alleged possibility of distinguishing between what has claims to be considered as Art and what has not, the fact remains that no censorship has ever yet maintained that distinction. Baudelaire's poems and Flaubert's "Madame Bovary" were both condemned in France. In America there was a strong movement against the best native play written in the last five years ("What Price Glory?") and Will Hays, Czar of the Movies, kept its closest rival ("They Knew What They Wanted") off the screen.

II

It is impossible to set any legal standard of decency, for the simple reason that decency is purely a matter of changing convention. The knee-length skirt worn by the most daring soubrette of the Age of Innocence was just as shocking to the public before which she appeared as the most nearly complete nudity yet achieved by Mr. Carroll or the Messrs. Shubert; and the most modest bathing-suit now worn by the most scrupulous member of the Purity League would have shocked a rake's grandmother a few generations ago. When skirts were conventionally worn about the feet, ankles were as disturbing as knees are today and a "D—n" in a book was as surprising as any vocable which appears in "Ulysses." That dress is "indecent" which reveals a little more than is customary at the moment, whatever the prevailing fashion may be; and that book is indecent which is a little franker than other current books, whatever the reigning literary mode of the moment. The *mores* of any society set the standard of decency, and that is decent which the *mores* permit. The attitude of the audience, not the attitude of censors, represents the *mores* of our particular society, and hence it is the audience alone which can truly set a standard. What it finds inoffensive enough to attend is by the prevailing standard decent, and it is this audience alone which is concerned.

In so far as anything recognizable as indecent per se exists, that thing is an emotional reaction on the part of a spectator, which, being purely subjective, is not subject to regulation. Given the desire to experience this emotion—and the desire to experience it occasionally is certainly normal in many, perhaps all, people—and the occasion will always be found in the most nearly appropriate thing. Little boys look up obscene words in the dictionary, and I have the authority of Mr. Sinclair Lewis for the statement that before the days of the "art magazines" rustics used to gloat over the underwear advertisements in the Sears-Roebuck catalogues. The desire will always make the occasion, and no possible censorship could legislate the nation into a universal purity of heart. It might ruin the stage by setting up a standard of outward propriety inconsistent with the *mores* of society, but it could do nothing more.

Moreover, I suspect that the danger of indecency is vastly overestimated. There are few people who have not in the course of their lives seen pictures and read books which at the time they regarded as indecent. Yet never in the course of a persistent inquiry have I found anyone who thought that he had been injured by such an experience. I have found many who were sure that others would have been injured, but never one who had himself suffered—from which I conclude that if any exist they must constitute an infinitesimal minority of the population. There seems to be a current assumption that while the moral nature of youth is extremely fragile its intellect is incorruptible. A single impropriety witnessed upon the stage is regarded as sufficient to start a boy or girl upon the downward path, but (if I may judge by the "clean lists" sent out by various organizations) these same young people may be trusted to sit through a whole season of superficiality, falsehood, and misrepresentation and come away with their minds unimpaired. I suspect that the reverse is true; that piffle is more dangerous than obscenity and that more youths are corrupted by the inadequate platitudes of the conventional drama than by the indelicacies

* A speech delivered at *The Nation's* dinner on Censorship of the Stage on January 11, 1927.

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of that which is called risque, and I am certain that the inanities blessed by Mr. Hays are more genuinely corrupting than any pornography. I know many admirable people who are occasionally more scabrous than any play I have ever seen; I know no tolerable person who is ever as superficial as most "clean plays."

"Clean" is, indeed, a negative virtue. It is seldom applied to any work of art unless there is nothing else to be said in its favor. Certainly I myself do not like what are called "clean plays," whether by that description is meant either those which remain only upon the surface of life or those whose humor is completely antiseptic. In drama those plays are most important which concern themselves with the fundamentals of life and character and which almost inevitably have some concern with the darker or at least the more commonly concealed aspects of human nature. In comedy those are usually most entertaining which at least toy with the proprieties.

Wit has been defined as "The kiss given to common sense behind the back of propriety." One of its chief functions is that of relief. Through it we enjoy a vicarious freedom greater than we usually permit ourselves in everyday life, and because of the release which it affords to the imagination we submit more rather than less gladly to the conventions which control our conduct. Certainly Aristophanes, Rabelais, Montaigne, Cervantes, Shakespeare, Voltaire, and Congreve were not always "clean," nor was their indelicacy always merely incidental to their wit. Expurgate them and you would destroy no little part of their greatness; and I see no reason why moderns should be hampered by restrictions which we would not think of applying to the masters. The best comedy is often gross and often irreverent. Playing with fire is a part of its business though not, unfortunately, a part which a censor is very likely to understand.

III

But the final and to me conclusive argument is the character of the censor himself, since there was never one who was not ultimately ridiculous. To say that the only problem involved is the problem of finding the perfect censor is like saying that the only problem involved in government is the problem of finding the perfect despot, and the answer is the same in both cases—no such creature exists. Not only is there something inevitably corrupting about arbitrary power but there is something in the nature of every decent person which makes him loath to assume it. There is something essentially absurd and essentially petty about drawing lines and pointing out details, and something essentially presumptuous about setting oneself up to judge what another shall see. To analyze jokes, to discover how indecent they are; to decide which statues, like certain ones in Italy, shall be fitted with galvanized iron trousers; to patrol bathing-beaches with a tape-measure to determine the length of the ladies' skirts—no man can do any of these things without being degraded and made ridiculous, and no man fit for any office requiring delicacy of feeling will consent to do them for long. Censoring is a job which appeals to the meddler, the prig, and the sneak. The Pharisee loves it, and it offers gratification to many mean little vices; it appeals to those who rejoice in the display of trivial but arbitrary power as well as to those twisted souls who take a libidinous delight in smelling out obscenity to protect their neighbor and delight in gloating over the deeds to which it might lead their neighbor. Censors may be drawn from many classes—from the stupid, the humorless, the fanatical, and the prurient—but the one class from which they cannot be drawn is the class of decent and intelligent men.

Upon this fact any scheme of censorship is inevitably wrecked. In the case of a crisis like that which led to the formation of the Play Jury certain decent people may consent for a time to serve, either from a sense of duty or in order to prevent something worse, but they will not serve for long. There is something about being a censor which is repugnant in just the way that being an informer is repugnant. Even those who themselves believe in censorship would shrink from performing the function of the censor, in exactly the same way that the majority of those who believe in prohibition still shrink from imitating General Butler, who had his host arrested, or from calling the police to arrest a neighbor who happens to be making beer in the cellar. And the reason is simply that spying out indecency and setting up oneself as the judge of another's pleasure is just as repugnant to decent feelings as the carrying of tales. The office must of necessity gradually gravitate to the class of those to whom its repulsive functions are agreeable.

I myself long sought the perfect censor. Anthony Comstock was not he, because at times there was a certain sly plausibility about Comstock; I believe that I have found him at last, however, where the bluebird is said to be found, on my own doorstep, or, to speak more plainly, in my native town—Knoxville, Tennessee. He happens to be feminine and, when discovered, was presiding over the local chapter of the D. A. R. The lady had just been stirred to activity by a threatened visit of "Rain" to a local theater, and though when she was interviewed by the reporter of the Knoxville *News* she admitted that she had neither seen nor read the play, she confessed that it was, indeed, somewhat confused in her mind with the film version of "Three Weeks"; but she gave out the following statement:

> We do not fear the effect which such a play would have on us. We of the D. A. R. and the United Daughters of the Confederacy have had the advantages of education and travel and have been prepared for such things. Such a play would not injure us; it would only disgust us.
>
> But there are other women who have not had these advantages, and there are the young people who are inexperienced in the problems of life. It is for their benefit and protection that we seek to prevent the showing of such plays in Knoxville.
>
> Such a play would not injure me, but I have seen the world. Nobody knows the world better than I. No woman has had greater educational advantages, has been more in social life, or has traveled more than I. I am able to judge of the temptations that come to the young and the inexperienced. It is the duty of us to protect those who have not had our advantages.
>
> We have a great commiseration for the artists who must appear in such plays for their living, but we hope by raising the moral tone of a community to enable them to work in something higher.

Is the picture here evoked a caricature? I do not think so. The lady in question is naive; she does not know how to hide behind persuasive phrases; she exposes herself and she lets the cat out of the bag. But the motives—pharisaical virtue and self-importance—which are upon the surface here are at the bottom of every person who has the impulse to be a censor. Scratch the most urbane and you will find, just below the cuticle, the aboriginal protector of Tennessee morals.

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Why "Al" Smith Is Great

By NORMAN HAPGOOD

AROUND the country can be felt an increasing wish to know what is the power of "Al" Smith. West and South, and in Republican circles everywhere, exists also an eagerness to find and specify his weaknesses.

If one would see Smith in perspective, the volume of his popularity should not be honored with first place. It is large, of course, but it would never have lifted him to his present position in a class by himself among living Democrats. He won by fewer votes last fall than the preceding time he ran in an off year. Another Irishman, Walsh of Massachusetts, carried Coolidge's own State, a more Republican State than New York, and did it at a moment when the governorship was going heavily Republican. Ohio has become Republican normally by about 200,000, but it was carried in November for the third time by a third Irishman, Governor "Vic" Donahey.

New York, to be sure, is the most important State in a Presidential election, and that fact helps the man who has been four times elected governor. But it is not the message that is spreading most rapidly through the country and even in the South changing opinion in the class that sends delegates.

Only part of the increase in Smith's strength is to be sought in the changing Wet issue. Local government, as exemplified in the demand to soften the Volstead Act, is likely to be the point at which there is most hard fighting in 1928. The solid South will go Democratic whoever the candidate may be. Elsewhere the party strength is in the big cities, mostly Wet. The convention will fight about it, but in the end it will adopt a formula asking for a law by Congress that leaves to each State the opportunity of interpreting the word "intoxicating" and taking its chances with the Supreme Court.

Nobody can tell ahead how the nine men who speak the last word (or five of them) will decide. From what I hear there is a probability that they will defend the right of Congress to limit its functions. If Congress shall, for instance, after modifying the law, or without modifying it, demand that the Executive at Washington limit its part in the concurrent job to what the States cannot do, I do not believe the court will object. Jurisdiction is concurrent, and so is enforcement. The federal law is binding on the States, but no law is entirely enforced. There are laws against prostitution, for example, but they are enforced, if at all, only in cases of organized traffic or nuisance.

If Congress shall some time decide to grant money for liquor enforcement only in a distinctly federal field it will be leaving the national government all it can do, and more. The federal task should be to protect the country from liquor smuggled in, to protect any State that desires protection against shipments from a wetter State; and to keep track of concerns manufacturing alcohol for business purposes. It would, I believe, be wholly constitutional for the federal government to concentrate on these matters, at one-half of 1 per cent, if it chooses, or at a higher point, and leave all other aspects of the amendment to the States.

That position, or something equivalent, must prevail before Smith can be nominated. If he is nominated his handling of the Wet issue will be dignified. He will not talk like an excited Wet at a dinner party. He will show sympathy with the march of temperance; with check on the stronger drinks; even with further restrictions in communities that unmistakably desire them. But he will graphically portray the evil effects of moral legislation in communities that are to any large extent divided. After a bitter struggle this view will carry the convention. Hence the delegates cannot put a refusal to nominate Smith on the ground that he seeks liquor revision. His opponents will be in the position of stopping him because he is a Catholic. That outcome will be much clearer than in 1924, when he by no means held a position of unquestionable preeminence. They will be stopping him because of his religion. His appointments are regardless of religion, and hundreds know the severity with which he treats emissaries who tell him what the church desires.

The third argument to be used against him brings us to the quality that makes his greatness. His opponents, worried about too openly displaying religious bigotry, and also somewhat timid about the issue of whether drink should be a local question, are now trying to concentrate on Tammany. Smith grew up in Tammany, their plea runs; he is still a member of that body; to make him President would be to bring Tammany to Washington.

He did grow up in Tammany Hall. He is close to the sidewalks of New York. He was born in a tenement, under the Brooklyn Bridge, in a region where political interest is Tammany or nothing. He went to the Assembly. He became leader of his party there. Sometimes when reformers would go to see him about a bill he would say: "I have read your bill. It is right. I wish we could pass it. But orders have come from Fourteenth Street."

In spite of that handicap a large percentage of those independent citizens interested in civic causes became adherents of Smith while he was in the Assembly. Then, as now, he studied every paragraph of every appropriation bill. He studied to the bottom one difficult question after another. He never forgot. His sympathies were with the public. He cared when a neighbor's child was sick. But the Lord had equipped him with a precise, energetic, imaginative brain. As he studied questions he saw them in terms of welfare. He saw also that this welfare was not obtained unless the machinery was appropriate, the human instruments superior. After brilliant service as party leader he took a motor one day and went down to Good Ground, where he told Charley Murphy the party owed him the nomination for governor. Murphy did not want him, but he recognized the claim.

Entering his first term Smith was partly free and partly under obligation. He no longer represented Tammany Hall. His heart swelled that the voters of the largest State had raised a poor waif from South Street, the sordid river front, to so high a post. He meant to deserve the tribute. He showed what a friend of mine calls the *noblesse oblige* of poverty. He would prove that a boy from the river front could be a strong governor. He did repay Murphy with some appointments, though not with any voice in legislation. That term wiped out the debt. When the

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cond term began Al Smith, ablest product of Tammany, ad grown far beyond the Hall. The second and the third rms have passed. The fourth is with us. The Governor's easures have cut the machine to pieces. As he said once me, the Republicans have kept him in office by blocking s program. He has gone back to finish it. He is in lbany to take the water-power of the State away from liticians and lobbyists, to put it where the public will alize on their property. He is in Albany to complete a organization of State machinery that will complete his aughter of useless offices. On those two remaining meas-es both the Republican politicians and the Democratic liticians are against him. One other reform is in the reground. About this change it happens that the Republi-n politicians rather than those of the Hall are doing the incing. Smith is fighting for an improvement favored by very independent, when he demands that we elect the overnor in a year when there is no election for President. s far as I know he has made a mistake of political judg-ent but once. I suppose it was a mistake to appear before e Democratic national convention of 1924. He had no usiness before the convention. He made a bad impression. is his only time.

Today the measures which he has sponsored, including ose for which he is still fighting, are the most difficult d enlightened set of measures ever led by any governor whom I know. His appointments, in his last three terms, take to be the soundest and most independent made by any ving executive. There is now in a lofty judicial position man who before he went on the bench was as construc-ve a reformer as the country had. A few weeks ago, ining with this dignitary, I said: "When I was in college e were accustomed to look upon Billy Russell of Massachu-tts as the model governor. How did he compare with mith?"

"There is no similarity," said my friend. "Russell's roblems were child's play in comparison. The remarkable hing about Smith is that the hardest modern problems ome before him, and every one is thought out and solved."

The man who thus spoke is a nation-famous expert on public utilities. He was excited over an address by Smith on water-power. To this expert from another State the speech showed a creative grasp of one of the most baffling of questions. A few weeks earlier, in the city of Washington, another friend of mine was talking to a club of women, all interested in civic progress. He is not a New Yorker, but in order to analyze the November election, he needed to look up Smith's record. As a result he read before the club a list of his achievements. They covered every field in which any one of those socially minded citizens had labored.

We often think of Smith's popularity as being found especially in the masses. Of course it is his popularity with the masses that gives him votes, but it is something other that gives him prestige. Suppose we think not of actual numbers but of percentages: where then is his strength? Ask devoted, independent citizens who have been giving their lives to civic problems: to reform of the constitution, efficiency, women's labor, factories, children, housing, living wage, health, care for the injured, prisons, transportation, congestion, finance, freedom of opinion. Make up your own list of a hundred to suit yourself, regardless of party; go to see them; I shall be amazed if over 90 per cent of them are not for Smith.

What has caused the social workers to form solidly behind Smith is an experience of twenty-three years. Those facts, becoming known, are winning the country for him. He is a strong man: he is also a good man. Not a theorist, but a person who meets each new need with a solving plan, executive talent, intimate knowledge, audacity in leadership. Not for him the easiest way. Other popular leaders seize that course. "Al" decides first whether a step is desirable; then the best method of taking it; finally how to convert the public. His clearness of statement is possible only because of his clearness of vision. The organization of the State's business is as clear to him as a baseball game is to me. To him transportation, water-power, port facilities, income and expense are not abstractions. They are life.

These Modern Women

One Way to Freedom

ANONYMOUS

A LITTLE girl of six or seven, clinging to a rickety picket fence and listening, still and intent as if she istened with her whole body instead of with ears alone. oming? Yes, of course, he was coming. Mama was too nxious. There—a little hint of sound again. The mur-ur of wagon wheels maybe on the hill beyond the second lough. Hope shot through her young heart. The wagon vould rumble loudly and certainly when it came to the orduroy at the foot of the hill. Breathless she waited as f all life depended on her hearing. Her young mother ame silently from the kitchen door and joined her.

"Yes, I thought I heard something, mama. Listen. Maybe now he will pass over the bridge at the slough." But even hope could hear nothing more definite than the wind in the fir trees at the edge of the little prairie. So hey listened, mother and daughter both, in the spring, summer, autumn, winter twilight. Listened every time he went to town, and heartsick knew they hoped in vain.

It was always the same story. Oats to be ground into chop, hogs to be marketed, grain to be hauled to the warehouse, winter supplies to be bought, taxes to be paid, interest to be met—each time there was the sickening uncertainty as to whether he would come home cheery and happy when he ought to come or whether mother would have to do the farm chores, four little children left in the house alone with the fires, or trailing her skirts as she milked cows, fed horses, cleaned stables; and he, the father, would come a week later, hang-dog and ashamed because he had succumbed to another periodical spree, and had spent not only himself but all the family income as well, derived from hogs, grain, hay, and dedicated to winter groceries, taxes, or interest.

Always there were children, four then, and more as the years went by until mother had given birth to eight.

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To the despair that grew in her in consequence of the repeated sprees was added the deadly certainty of another child inevitably near. When the fourth child was born, father disappeared the day after to be gone a week or ten days, and I can remember yet mother's explanation to hired girl and midwife—it was always both in one for us—that Mr. —— had been called away on business. Would he be home for dinner today? Day after day she could not say, she did not know. When we had moved for the third time, far away this time from anybody who had ever known us before, her hour for a sixth deliverance close at hand, and he, the father, gone again to exercise his individual liberty, I saw her one night get out the family revolver, oil it, load it, and place it under her pillow. When, white and sick from foreboding, I ventured to ask, "Why that?" she answered, "If it comes upon me when he is gone and nobody here to take care of me, I am through, that's all." Child of thirteen that I was then, I argued the silliness of that, and urged my own capacity to do as much as he could do.

We print herewith the eighth of a series of anonymous articles giving the personal backgrounds of women with a modern point of view. The next article, by a woman who grew up in an atmosphere of freedom and intellectual daring, will appear in The Nation *for March 2.*

Beatrice M. Hinkle, psychoanalyst, and John B. Watson, behaviorist, will analyze through these articles the underlying causes of the modern woman's rebellion.

This was the man I then knew best. Good natured, easy-going, loving my mother and his children in his own way, but selfish and irresponsible, *wicked* it seemed to me then, in his capacity for inflicting suffering and humiliation. Now after thirty years, and he ten years gone forever, I cannot find much easier words. As the oldest of the children and the nearest to my mother, I experienced her anxieties as if they had been my own, and because I loved her I hated the poverty, shame, and endless child-bearing forced upon her. I cannot remember a time when I did not look upon my father with reproach and often with feelings not to be described by so mild a term.

My mother's dominant passion for me, through these years, and for the five other daughters who came in the course of time, was a desire for our education, that we might fit ourselves for work and for salaries that would make us independent of marriage, or if we did elect it, able to leave it if it were unsatisfactory. She herself had been tied and fettered once for all because she had married at seventeen. An old-fashioned father had refused her the privilege of either going to school or learning a trade, and in marriage which had seemed to offer a way out she had found herself more helpless than ever on account of the never-ending succession of babies. I realize now that mother in her insistence on our schooling was preaching the economic independence of woman, though of that as such I am sure she had never heard. She preached it day after day with a singleness of aim and an earnestness that brought to pass what she desired even though the handicaps were well-nigh insurmountable. Education of her daughters every day in the school term, every school term through the years was not to be achieved without domestic battles won only by intensity of purpose and a desire to protect her own. Mother was proud that I never missed school on wash-days, cleaning days, or even when another new baby incapacitated her for a week or two. School for her children was a religion to this mother, and to one end—that we might be free.

She had, of course, educational ideals for her sons, bu these were early frustrated by my father's insistence tha no mere woman could ever know as much about the desir able education of a male child as a man, with the resul that the boys left school in the eighth grade to learn th trade of their father. The younger had a flair for drawing painting, mathematics, and might have turned into a cred itable architect, but he learned to handle the hock an trowel instead. As I loo back I realize that a part o father's reluctance to hav the boys remain at schoo was fear lest they be edu cated into disapproval o himself and his ideal of man's life.

A great part of the sub jection of woman in our fam ily resulted from mother' complete separation fro purse-strings. When we live on the farm, she would ear eight or ten dollars in the course of a year through mea and beds furnished to farmers from the upper countr who made our house their stopping-place as they came an went getting in their winter supplies. Yet even getting thi much depended on two contingencies. If father was i town engaged in the usual preoccupation, she got the money or if, he being on the farm, the lodger paid the reckonin into her own hand. Otherwise she lost it entirely. Mothe never asked for money for herself, probably because sh felt too much humiliated in the asking, but as her girl grew up and needed cash upon occasion, she did it fo them. When I had reached high-school and later normal school age and I needed a dollar a month to pay for my toll ticket across the interstate bridge, she and I alik dreaded the monthly ordeal of getting that dollar. A the time drew near we watched closely for the auspicious occasion that would make reproach least likely. The bes time of all was on Saturday night just after supper, when father would be handing out ten dollar bills to the boys "t have a good time."

"Give Cora a dollar, too, daddy. She needs it for toll."

"What? Again?" and the smile of Jove benevolen faded into narrow-eyed suspicion.

As soon as I could attain to the educational distinction of a two years' certificate from the normal school, mother's dream for her eldest was realized, the toll battles were for gotten—one woman at last was free. Eighteen and free. Free to do as I wished with my own.

There were differences between my father and me as to what constituted my own. Through a good many years he suffered from my inability to see that I ought to turn my monthly pay checks over to him; and my silly way of hoarding money for more education gave him acute distress. I remember that when I left for the university, $750 cash in hand—the result of three years' teaching—he sulked in the barn-yard and refused to say goodby. He was indignant to see me throwing away my money. But three years later when I returned I was astonished to know that he was proud that I had graduated and indeed was giving himself some credit for this higher education in the family.

Once the two-year certificate had freed me, not even love's young dream could rob me of wariness. The most

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desirable youth in the world, in a boy and girl affair, pleaded the blessedness that would ensue if we would but take the reins in our hands and the bits in our teeth (two separate arguments), but realist that I had to be I argued the necessity for his finishing college and getting himself established before we took any fatal steps. And the worst pitfall of all was safely avoided. The most desirable youth in the world was a no-account college student and a philanderer as well, and that was the end of him as an argument. Years afterward I met him again. He had become a second-rate bookkeeper, his wife had had seven children in as many years, of whom only two survived, and every pay-day he handed his salary over to a broker to be gambled on the stock exchange or he lost it in backroom crap games. The home was mortgaged and the wife was sticking it out until the children should be up from under her feet. He was still philandering.

Other men have come my way. One planned a house for me and insisted on a nice big kitchen. That was the end of him. Another dear kind soul with whom I thought I could live rapturously could not build a fire on a camping trip and fancied always when he was lost that the Pacific Ocean must be in the east. The psychoanalyst will say—but who cares what the psychoanalyst will say? I know myself that if I had done otherwise in any one of these three marriage opportunities I would have been a fool.

Having learned my lesson complete and being a creature with a sense of responsibility to womanhood, I have passed on the lesson as best I could. A good many years of my life have gone into helping mother pass it on to my father's other daughters, and being engaged in rearing his family I have felt less the lack of one of my own. All of my sisters have achieved something more than the usual education; some are teachers, some are business women, and any of the three who being married may find in marriage too many fetters has power and ability to strike the irons away. They have, in other words, freedom in their souls.

To confirm the fear of the good souls who tremble for the human race and see it tottering to total extinction as female educationists ply their guile upon the artless young, I might as well now confess that the thirties found me with a doctor's degree, and the forties with a full professorship, in which I enjoy unlimited scope for preaching to men and women alike the need for economic independence of women as an honorable and self-respecting basis for love and marriage. One can hardly hope that any lesson is ever learned complete. Perhaps the tranquil, peaceful, rich life I live is more of an argument than any words I shall ever say.

In Weakness There Is Strength

By FRANK R. KENT

IT has been penetratingly said that a woman's strength often lies in her weakness—particularly if she is a beautiful woman—but that does not hold good with politicians. It has never been true as to Presidents. Yet an analysis of Mr. Coolidge's career not only as President but before rather bears out the idea that his feebleness and futility have helped rather than hurt him politically. And he isn't beautiful either.

It would not be the case at all if he were now, or if he ever had been, the titular leader of the minority party. Under such circumstances strength, courage, color, virility are required to play the game successfully and keep one's grip from slipping. The Coolidge record shows that none of these things is required of a politically minded Executive of the dominant party. In the absence of a national crisis and in a time of prosperity his lack of strength is an asset rather than a liability, provided he has sufficiently powerful press support and the approval of the great business interests—and no President of our time has had both to the same extent. The best illustration of the truth of this idea about Mr. Coolidge is presented by the McNary-Haugen farm-relief bill, which—barring accidents—by the time this article appears, or soon thereafter, will have been passed by Congress and put up to the President. To a stronger man the position in which this places him might easily prove fatal to his political prospects. To a man of more robust fiber and a fighting spirit it would at least prove enormously embarrassing. To the austere and acidulous Calvin, disappointing as that will be to some who would like to see him in a jam, it will do neither.

This does not mean it will be a pleasant experience, or that whether he signs or whether he vetoes the bill he will not sustain a certain loss. But it does mean that his political injury and embarrassment will be small compared to what it would be were he the sort of man who fights for his beliefs and who is not beaten without the other side knowing there has been a fight. Consider the facts about him and this bill. From the start he has been opposed to it because his Morgan advisers and the two Cabinet members upon whom he principally leans and to whom he looks for guidance both pointed out that it was a socialistic proposal, economically unsound, unworkable in practice, worthless as a remedy, and terribly dangerous as a precedent. That was and that still is, if Republican journalistic supporters can be relied upon, his idea of the bill. At the last session it was killed by Administration influence, although Mr. Coolidge himself, as is his habit, cautiously refrained from overt hostility. This time the enraged Corn Belt farmers, enhanced in strength and determination, formed an alliance with certain cotton Senators, put in their bill again, swept aside the Administration compromises, and are pressing forward to victory.

A few weeks ago a writer who usually reflects the White House attitude with remarkable accuracy heralded the Crisp-Curtis bill, which contains everything the Haugen bill does except the equalization fee and is in effect a general surrender, as the Administration solution, predicted its passage, and proclaimed that this would mean the end of the Lowden movement and the farm-relief issue. Such was the general idea, but it did not work out. The forces back of the other bill were too strong and Mr. Coolidge was too weak. The movement that sidetracked the Administration measure and brought the McNary-Haugen bill to a point where today it seems sure Mr. Coolidge will have to sign or veto it was engineered by Mr. Dawes and Senator Brookhart with Mr. Lowden in the background. Everybody knows that. If the bill finally goes through the only reason it will not be a knock-down defeat for Mr.

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Coolidge is that he did not stand up for a real fight. Perhaps something will happen to kill the bill again. The President hopes so, and you can never tell in Congress until the last lap is run. The claim is made that if it is passed this session and Mr. Coolidge vetoes it he will give tremendous impetus to the Lowden movement, infuriate the farmers of the West, and insure a revolt against himself. On the other hand, if he signs the bill the contention is that his solid business support in the East and some of his newspaper support, too, are bound to be shocked at his failure to stand firm against an economic heresy, and will leave him. But it is not likely to happen to Mr. Coolidge, no matter what he does. If he signs the bill his Eastern business backing will not like it but they will pour out their wrath not on Mr. Coolidge but on Congress. And if he vetoes the bill the Corn Belt boys will tear their hair, rip, rave, and roar—but the blame will be placed on Herbert Hoover, not on Calvin Coolidge.

In spite of the feeling of some astute political prophets around Washington the chances are that the net result of his farm-relief fight, whatever happens to the bill, will not greatly alter the situation so far as the Republican nomination is concerned. Whichever way the cat jumps it will do Mr. Coolidge no vital damage. Already some of his staunchest press supporters are beginning to say that the changes in the bill are such as to make it possible for the President to approve it without doing violence to his previous convictions, that its objectionable features have been eliminated, that the farm-relief people have met him half way, that he has "veered around" to the view that the price-fixing features in their present form are not so bad—all of which is rot. What he will do if the bill comes to him he himself in all probability does not know. It will depend upon what seems to be the best politics. He will give that deep thought.

Averting Calamity

By STUART CHASE

ON a winter day early in the year 1925 a gentleman dealing in millinery was found hanging with a rope about his neck in his showrooms. He was quite dead. Style had killed him.

Nineteen twenty-five was a bad winter and spring for milliners. Women had gone on the loose in an unaccountable fashion. Instead of wearing the hats they had been instructed to wear by the normal channels of trade pressure, they had taken style into their own hands and were buying felt hats simply trimmed; or, what was worse, not trimmed at all. And this unprecedented independence threatened to annihilate the bulk of the millinery business. "The makers of ribbons, flowers, braids, and straws," said *Editor and Publisher*, "are compelled to gaze upon the whole feminine world wearing something on their bobbed heads that wasn't made by millinery manufacturers at all! For the first time in anybody's remembrance a whole industry has been deserted almost without warning."

The milliners stood trembling on the brink of the abyss, but they did not take the plunge. The highest kind of the higher salesmanship saved them in the nick of time. The machinery which accomplished this miracle is worthy of attention. It shows what can be done nowadays to a buying public that exhibits symptoms of a wrong-headed and unprofitable independence. Mr. Edward L. Bernays, Counsel on Public Relations, tells the story, and well may he be proud of it, for it reflects great honor upon his profession

> Obviously strong medicine was needed, and at once. The methods of display advertising were scarcely possible in such an emergency, which had already reached to the stage of an established style. There was only one emergency tool which could do the job—the indirect tool of publicity, validly based on news-creation. If society women and artists could initiate a counter-current of style, then all might not be lost. Style is like a great tidal wave; dikes can't hold it, but the powerful pull of the gravitational force which induces it to flow west can also make it flow east.

The simile is apt. East-bound gravitation started with the semi-annual style show in New York in February, 1925. "The basic idea applied as a remedy was to interest key leaders of art and society and trade in higher millinery standards of beauty." Two groups were created: the first composed of artists "who definitely gave the millinery displayed artistic standing"; the second made up of society women, "who sponsored the 'artistic movement' back toward standard millinery materials."

Heyworth Campbell, art director of the Condé Nast publications, headed the committee of artists which had to select the beautiful live models who wore the hats (adequately trimmed hats) "on the basis of carriage, pose, grace, and entire form as well as facial beauty." The artists had also to judge one of each class of hat represented, in respect to "the beauty of the model, her hat, and her entire ensemble costume." Thus the hat was happily linked, in news value, to the charms of the manikin as well as to her frock and the rest of her costume, if any.

After the winning model in each class was selected by the assembled artists her photograph was taken by a leading New York photographer. Hundreds of them appeared in the rotogravure sections of the Sunday newspapers throughout the country. The pictures were also used in traveling exhibits to retail establishments. Gravitation began to pull. The authority of its sponsors could not be ignored by retailers. "They began to shape their millinery purchases, window displays, and publicity along the new lines." Meanwhile publicity experts were at work upon news reports of the style show. Articles, interviews, special illustrated stories, began to pour in upon editors, in a volume sufficient to create authentic news value. Carefully instructed salesmen of millinery houses descended upon merchandise managers and millinery stores armed with "authentic news" and with the glad tidings that the new styles were ready to be shipped in quantity lots.

> In thirty days' time the millinery trades were humming again with activity. A casualty had been averted by the skilful use of sound public relations. . . . It was a subtly built plan, and it worked.

It was and did. Not only God but Counsels on Public Relations are masters of the mystic pulls of gravitation. Mr. Bernays holds, furthermore—and we cannot but agree with him—that the principle is applicable to *all* types of merchandise. "Ideas that desire to get public attention must avail themselves of this kind of mechanics." And so, happily, the consumer may forever cease from buying what he freely wants; and the Kingdom of Heaven of the Salesman will come upon earth.

High on the awful steps, above the Angel Gabriel himself, in morning dress, their honest faces transfigured with pleasure in a work well done, will sit Mr. Bruce Barton and Mr. Ivy Lee.

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In the Driftway

WHY does nobody love an automobile? Our affections go out to a ship or boat; we prove it by calling almost any kind of vessel "she." The Drifter, too, was brought up to regard a locomotive engine as of feminine gender. The men who drive these great machines often come to care for them as they do for members of their family, and the Drifter rarely descends from a train after a long journey without pausing for a moment of tribute beside the locomotive as it stands grunting and panting after its race. For many persons nowadays the automobile has displaced both railway trains and boats. In many ways it is the most wonderful means of transportation ever invented. It contains more capacity for speed in less space and simpler form, usable at less cost and effort, than any other vehicle man has devised. In only twenty-five years of evolution it has become almost as dependable as the rising sun. It has the staying powers of a bore, and will stand more abuse without going on strike than any other delicate piece of machinery of which the Drifter knows unless possibly a $2 watch.

* * * * *

AND yet who has any affection for an automobile? Most men brag of their cars, a good many admire them, but do any become devoted to them as they do to other means of transportation, say boats or locomotive engines? (The Drifter never had a pet locomotive as a boy, but he assumes his readers were more fortunate.) What owner of a steam, motor, or sailing boat would take a day's trip without talking to his vessel on the way, without calling her "old girl," without urging, caressing, and bullying her? Nor would he think of making his boat fast at the dock and rushing away without a final glance of affection, a nod of friendship, in the direction of the vessel. Yet a man will drive a car 200 miles in a day, uphill and down, through sand and mud, in pelting rain and burning sun, without ever a kind word to the faithful engine. If the engine falters and pleads at the top of a steep hill the driver's only response is to shift to low and say "Hell!" And at the end of the trip out jumps the driver and runs into the house without a further thought unless that it is going to be the dickens of a job cleaning the mud off next Sunday morning.

* * * * *

BUT the final test of a man's affection comes in his willingness to sell. Nobody ever sold a boat, however dilapidated, without a pang. Age cannot wrench our affections from those things for which we care. Rather does it add dignity and worth. A man gets to be fond even of an old coat. But an old automobile? One can't get rid of it too soon. Many persons insist upon a new car every year; probably all would if they could afford it. An outworn or even outmoded automobile goes to the scrap-heap without a mourner.

* * * * *

NO, nobody loves an automobile. Everybody extols it, everybody must have it, but nobody cares for it. The Drifter can't guess the reason. Probably it has something to do with the age we live in—something to do with a lot of things the Drifter can't explain. Fortunately he doesn't have to. This column is not an information bureau. It is more often a confused and gaping interrogation point.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Lost: Cal's Economy

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I notice in the report of the Bureau of the Budget that Calvin managed to use up in the fiscal year 1926 exactly $23,364.45 of the $25,000 allowed to the President of the United States by congressional legislation for traveling expenses. Hence it would appear that economy in Presidential traveling expenses has not been too emphatic under Calvin.

Washington, D. C., January 21 B. H.

The Great Oil Myth

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Were we not so accustomed to the superstition current in radical circles that the politics of the Powers exude from a petrol tank it would be disappointing to find in Anton Mohr and Louis Fischer two more victims of the great delusion. Save that the Standard Oil interests had a history formerly as spicy as their present methods are the reverse and that the Rothschilds brought the mythology of their name to mingle with the other materials available for the writing of romance, probably, this preoccupation with a single mineral would not so have taken hold of the journalistic fraternity.

The idea that there is a great and irreconcilable conflict between the Standard Oil interests and the Anglo-Persian and Royal Dutch "Shell" alliance is at variance with the fairly obvious facts of the present situation. The Soviet Government, whose allies were subsidizing trouble in the coal-fields while their trading agencies were pouring petrol into the fuel markets of Great Britain and the United States, is the only really formidable independent oil vendor in the world today. In the face of this rivalry, the British and American concerns have adjusted their differences and are cooperating all over the world. The "Shell" has recently erected one of the proudest office blocks in the Middle West in the city of St. Louis, where its headquarters is, if anything, more majestic than its offices in London. Its distributing system laces across the Mississippi Valley, and the "Shell" and the Standard companies are helping to finance the new coal-oil process, or at any rate the sale of the product devised by the German, Bergius. In Northern Persia the Anglo-Persian has welcomed the Standard Oil interests as an ally against the operating owners of the Caucasian wells. In Canada and elsewhere on the American continent, the Standard and the British interests are patently collaborating.

With the entire machinery of the Communists—trade corporations, diplomatic service, trade unions, and political agitation—in an elaborate if elusive chain, fomenting trouble in the British and American coal-fields, in the oil-fields of Persia and from Canton and from certain innocent-looking quarters in Holland, in the Dutch East Indies, no wonder that the British and American petroleum companies have closed their ranks. The Communists have asked for it and they are going to get it—War!

Washington, January 24 J. T. WALTON NEWBOLD

On Religion

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Machiavelli remarks "Non requiri in principe veram pietatem, sed sufficere illius quandam umbram, et simultationem externam." Napoleon, with a number of other old reprobates, divided Poland into three parts in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost. The Emperor William made his bandit-raids into China and Belgium with "Gott mit uns" on the uniform-belts of his soldiers. One of the slave-ships that Queen Elizabeth sent to the coast of Africa to make slaves

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was named the Jesus. Our public men are all ostentatiously pious, and go to church regularly, and say "God have mercy on us miserable sinners." Then they steal oil and boost the tariff. The most popular and appealing of all pictures of our President is taken when he is entering or leaving the sanctuary in Washington. That means many votes.

CHARLES EDWARD STOWE

Santa Barbara, California, January 15

Protection, Not Prohibition

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Your review of two books on Maupassant suggests the equipment of books with a device for the protection of readers. Let the works of all admittedly abnormal, tainted, diseased authors be stamped as such. Inapplicable to the doubtful and the living, this would nevertheless tend to circumscribe a source of infection from the fetid past. It would secure protection without prohibition. The books would be there for such as find, or like to pose as finding, *fleurs du mal* piquant or soothing.

Perhaps my device is not really so original. Is it in a way foreshadowed by the magazines that give their contributors a kind of certificate of character, often with photograph attached?

Whitman, Mass., December 21 MARGARET GAFFNEY

"Safe" "Thinking"

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: A course was given recently at the University of Washington called "The Romantic Movement in American Literature," chiefly to teachers and advanced students.

Emerson and Thoreau came up for discussion. Most of those present considered the two authors too dangerous to be studied. One experienced teacher said it would take a genius to present their writings in a way that would be safe for young students in high school. Emerson was clearly an intellectual anarchist, and Thoreau such an outstanding individualist that he set himself up as a critic against his own government.

These things my daughter, a member of the class, told me. My interest in our intellectual atmosphere being quickened, I picked up her note-book—the one she used in garnering wisdom from "Introduction to Logic: Philosophy 5"—and happened upon this intriguing passage: "To get the partial contrapositive convert the obvert of the original proposition: to get the full contrapositive obvert the convert of the obvert."

That seemed safe, anyway.

Seattle, Washington, January 6 JANE GARROTT

Yehudi Menuhin and *The Nation*

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It may interest you to know that Yehudi Menuhin loves his weekly *Nation* next best to his violin. It is upon his request that I am now asking you to see to it that we do not miss any copies. *The Nation* is of a great help to us to give Yehudi a liberal education. We prefer to teach him privately at home. The first doses of *The Nation* were small, picked editorials or articles. That was around his ninth birthday. You would be surprised to see what a big part of a *Nation* Yehudi consumes ravenously each week. Yehudi has not reached his tenth birthday.

A few days ago, while on a hike with his best friend through the Golden Gate Park, prior to his appearance with the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra as soloist in the Tchaikovsky Concerto, I overheard their heated debate about Debs. His friend told him that the high-school teacher had called Debs "a downright law-breaker"; to which Yehudi answered that on the contrary Debs was "not only a lover of humanity but also a lover of human individuals" . . .

I have not missed one copy of *The Nation* for the last fourteen years. I feel doubly happy that my son has been deeply infected with and inspired by that redeeming feature of the new America which is in the making—the New York *Nation*.

San Francisco, December 18 MOSHE MENUHIN

Afraid of Socialism?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I bear you a grudge. I have recently returned from England, where labor leaders and most of the "intelligentsia" proclaim their full-blooded socialism, where not even liberals shy at the word, where political parties stand for definite economic programs, where the trade-union movement is politically conscious.

I returned to America, where fundamentalism versus evolution is still one of the absorbing issues, where most radicals are skittish of any association with the term "socialist" and cherish respectability as the most cardinal of virtues, and where the most daring of journals has for its economic program the entirely admirable but somewhat obvious proposal of free trade.

True, *The Nation* valiantly espouses the cause of political prisoners and occasional strikers, and staunchly advocates race and religious toleration and the free progress of science. These have surely won for it its reputation as the foremost American journal of its kind. But it handles anything smacking of comprehensive economic reorganization or of socialism gingerly or not at all. Trade unionism and progressive republicanism (an evanescent political program at best) it finds worthy enough—even socialism, so long as it remains in England, where American liberals can coquet with it on the theory that there it is of a more aristocratic and innocuous species.

Doubtless I shall still look to *The Nation* as the somewhat "respectable" expression, but withal the finest American expression, of a movement which will one day be sturdier and more virile, no matter what its name.

Milwaukee, Wis., January 10 DORIS BERGER WELLES

George Converse Fiske

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: For a long generation your wise pages have chronicled from time to time, as among the important events of American life, the passing of one or another quiet American scholar. And today (January 8) you will need to chronicle the passing of Professor George Converse Fiske, a sturdy New Englander of old stock (Harvard A.B. '94, Ph.D. 1900), who for twenty-six years worked for classical culture at the University of Wisconsin, here in the new and recalcitrant Middle West, where many of the best secondary-school teachers have been his pupils. He worked hard and victoriously, equally in the undergraduate classroom with Livy and Latin composition, in the seminary with Tacitus's "Germania" or the Sixth Book of the "Aeneid" or the "Epistola ad Pisones," and at his desk in significant discoveries, particularly in Roman religion and in Greek rhetorical theory as a major influence on Roman satire. His great study on Lucilius and Horace is one of the outstanding contributions in Latinity of our generation in the United States, or indeed in Europe. And besides completing the double and all but impossible American task of college teacher and university professor, he completed the good life of courage, humor, loyalty, kindliness, and simplicity. We said completed, but at fifty-four Professor Fiske's work, however complete, was far from completed—either as teacher, scholar, or friend. At the time of his sudden and unexpected death—it was from heart-failure a week after an operation for appendicitis—he was preparing for publication a volume, "Rhetoric and Literary Criticism," for the well-known series Our Debt to Greece and Rome.

Madison, Wis., January 8 WILLIAM ELLERY LEONARD
GRANT SHOWERMAN

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International Relations Section

Cooperatives in South Tyrol

By M. SERING

THE farmers of South Tyrol have at all times enjoyed independent self-administration of their communities, from the time their forefathers settled there more than a thousand years ago. When modern commerce necessitated the building of free economic unions as substitutes for public organizations, out of the ancient spirit of a neighborly community was developed a strong cooperative movement. The annexation of South Tyrol by the Italians, however, has put an end to the self-government of the communities: in the whole of Italy the administration of each community has been put under a *podesta*, usually an Italian public school teacher, often a former petty officer. The members of both town and rural communities lack any representation of their interests. But although the cooperative communities had to suffer severely under the new conditions, they remained at first untouched. Only during the last two years have the Fascisti, at the command of the local boards of administration, begun to attack the agricultural cooperative societies. The foreign press has only reported the struggle against the German language, the banning of every German word from the law courts and the public schools, the prohibition of private instruction in the mother tongue—a prohibition which cannot be found in any other civilized country throughout the world. But only a few newspapers reported the internecine war against the cooperative societies. Wandering about the Tyrol, talking with the small farmers as well as with the business men of the towns, I have learned the facts.

The alteration of the frontiers was naturally followed by many economic difficulties for the farmers. Their chief products suffered by low prices. Their beautiful farms are scattered along the wooded mountains nearly up to the snow line. A little lower down the open country allows the development of villages. Here live stock, together with agriculture, furnish the chief market products. In the river valleys and on the slopes the culture of wine grapes and fruit predominates. Except for a temporary boom in wood prices are hardly profitable. The former valuable market for cattle in Austria and Bavaria is lost. The foot-and-mouth disease has spread to a hitherto unknown extent and has destroyed the live-stock markets. The cultivation of wine grapes suffers from the increased import duties of Austria, Southern Germany, and Switzerland. The more extensive cultivation and the more favorable climate of Italy cheapen the Italian wines and thus lower the prices both at home and abroad. The changed money value shook credit and caused grave losses of fortune, as did the repudiation of the Austrian war loan by Hungary.

After this the cooperatives came particularly to the front. The farmers turned from meat to the production of milk and butter, and founded for this purpose a number of cooperative dairies. They do a good business. The very important wine cooperatives are endeavoring to conquer the German wine market. By dint of great industry the fruit farmers and their unions, with the help of a great export firm, succeeded in regaining the old markets and in winning new ones. Their valuable products command good prices in Germany, Holland, and Scandinavia. The buying departments are just as busy as the selling departments. The Agricultural Cooperative Union (Landwirtschaftliche Verband) protects the prices of the farmers' requisites and keeps an eye on the quality of these articles. The exchange amounted to 10,000,000 lire in 1925.

The foundation of the whole system is the Raiffeisen banks. Eighty per cent of all the farmers are shareholders or savers in them. After the war they separated from the former headquarters in Innsbruck and founded a special revisionary council and central bank of their own. This concern began its activity in September, 1921, and in a short time attracted most of the cooperative business. This central bank also succeeded in liquidating the Bozen department of the Farmers' Savings Bank in Innsbruck, which had suffered grave losses caused by the conversion of Austrian currency into Italian. With the help of the headquarters in Innsbruck the liquidation was carried out so as to save many farmers from further loss. Up to this time the Raiffeisen Central Bank has made its way through the whole crisis and has fulfilled its obligations without difficulty. The savings it has administered amounted to 24,700,000 lire at the end of 1925. The number of its members is increasing.

The credit cooperatives connected with the Central Bank are less favorably situated. They dispose, indeed, of money deposited to the amount of nearly 80,000,000 lire. If the state had not, shortly after the annexation, given a twenty-five years' respite to all credit institutions for public welfare—by the so-called guaranty law—a great part of them would have suffered heavily because of the conversion losses and because they possessed a great deal of worthless war loans. The state guaranteed the banks, in case of liquidation, against losses caused by the conversion; it promised to advance cash against such losses and, in fact, has paid out 20 per cent on account. The Raiffeisen organizations still have 20,000,000 lire in losses caused by the conversion which are secured by the state's guaranty, which, however, has not yet been made good. Furthermore, the credits given by the Raiffeisen institutions are not at all available. So the result is that the farmers' assets are frozen and unavailable, a great disadvantage for the entire agricultural population.

The Fascist attack upon the cooperatives of Tyrol is based on the contention that the cooperatives act in an anti-Italian manner. The fact is, however, that they have consciously abstained from every political activity. The central organization in Bozen very soon recognized the necessity of seeking support from similar unions in Italy. The agricultural union joined with the Federation of Agricultural Cooperatives at Piacenza, the wine cooperatives with the Federation of Wine Cooperatives at Modena. The Raiffeisen Central Bank and the local societies became members of the Federation of the Italian Cooperative Societies of Credit in Rome. Following the example of the Tyrol, central cooperative banks were founded in some ancient Italian provinces, and on the platform and in the press the central organization in Bozen agitated for the foundation and completion of the Italian Raiffeisen organization by the foundation of a central institute in Rome.

The Fascisti in Trent wish not to neutralize the cooperatives politically, but instead to destroy them. The free self-sustaining organizations are to be destroyed and in their place societies dependent upon the state and the

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Fascist Party alone may exist. A press campaign has been directed against the Central Bank, accusing it of financing the German Union and of causing the boycott of Italian wares and of influencing German travelers against Italy. To meet these charges the Central Bank named as a second director an Italian of the old provinces and with the consent of the governor voluntarily laid open all its accounts, down to the smallest item. The investigation was completed without any official objection. The Central Bank also acceded to the wish of the board of administration to discharge some members of its committee who were politically "objectionable." Nevertheless, the struggle of the Trent financial institute against the central institute went on. A "blond renegade" by the name of Steger permitted himself to be the tool in the struggle. He was made general secretary of the German Union by order of the Government, and now edits two Fascist papers, the *Bauernbote* and the *Alpenzeitung*, published in German but subsidized from Rome.

For October 3, 1926, the Central Bank and its revisionary council had called general meetings to elect a committee and to decide whether to join the compulsory syndicate of the Italian Raiffeisen institutions. The directory of the German Union had shortly before called a general meeting in the same hall, on the same day, but both meetings were violently broken up by intruders, among whom were hired Black-shirts from Trent (the local Bozen Fascio was unwilling to do such dirty work), and the representative of the Government, when appealed to for protection, refused to stop the clubbing.

The following day the Governor of Trent published a decree which dissolved the committee of the revisionary council because of the opposition shown in the chief meeting. In its place a commissioner of the Government was appointed; at the same time he was made overseer of the Central Bank. This commissioner is none other than the appointed (not elected) Mayor of Bozen, who had been put in the place of the dissolved common council and is at the same time a functionary of the Istituto Federale. He immediately appointed an Italian secretary and made Italian the language of administration and intercourse in the institution, although only a few members understand it. Finally the first director, who had served many years in the Central Bank, was banned from the boundary provinces. Under pressure of the Government, the directors were forced to resign. Their place has been taken by Fascisti Italians.

No one knows whether it would have been worth while appealing to Rome to regain for the Raiffeisen banks the right to administer their own money. The question is whether there will in the future be any free cooperative movement in South Tyrol. The situation seems not to be quite hopeless, however. The attempt made by the Istituto Federale to create a special compulsory syndicate under its control, a syndicate that was to comprise the Tyrolian Raiffeisen Banks and make them dependent, has failed. The central federation of the Raiffeisen Institutes in Rome, to which the Tyrolian societies belong, has recently been declared a legally compulsory syndicate. In Rome there seems to be some recognition of the fact that the local governing boards of South Tyrol have seriously injured the economic interests of the districts confided to them. Their actions violate the spirit of communal unity that lives in the cooperatives and must penetrate the relations between nations and nationalities if Europe is not to suffer from still greater hatreds, struggles, and poverty.

Contributors to This Issue

NORMAN HAPGOOD has been editor of *Collier's Weekly*, *Harper's Weekly*, and *Hearst's International*.

FRANK KENT, vice-president of the Baltimore *Sun*, is sending *The Nation* biweekly Washington letters.

THOMAS HORNSBY FERRIL of Denver, Colorado, won the latest Yale Press competition for younger poets with a volume called "High Passage."

ELIZABETH SHEPLEY SERGEANT will publish her volume of American portraits, "Fire Under the Andes," in March.

HAVELOCK ELLIS is the author of "The Soul of Spain" and other famous books.

HENRY W. NEVINSON, British journalist and author of "More Changes and Chances," reviewed Edith Durham's "The Serajevo Crime" in *The Nation* for March 24, 1926.

CLARENCE WALWORTH ALVORD is the author of many volumes dealing with Western American history.

LLEWELYN POWYS'S latest book is "The Verdict of Bridlegoose."

H. S. JENNINGS is professor of zoology at Johns Hopkins University.

J. A. HOBSON, British economist, is a contributing editor of *The Nation*.

ALLEN TATE is a poet and critic of New York.

IRWIN EDMAN'S latest book is "The Education of Richard Kane."

KEITH HUTCHISON is a British journalist.

DANIEL GREGORY MASON is professor of music at Columbia University.

WILLIAM MACDONALD is author of "A New Constitution for a New America."

ERNESTINE EVANS is a frequent contributor to magazines.

M. SERING is a professor in the University of Berlin.

The author of One Way to Freedom is a professor in a Southern university.

Men—What of 'em?

Third Nation Dinner

February 15

Speakers

LORINE PRUETTE, who, as a sociologist, pities mere man in an age when women dominate;

RUTH HALE, who disposes of the weaker sex with brilliant and poisonous words;

JOHN MACY (Bruce Bliven, by speeding South has escaped the combat), who is writing a book on woman and has a virile respect for man. (Did you read his blast in the November *Harper's?*)

FREDA KIRCHWEY, who will be as near an impartial chairman as a frail woman can be.

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The Nation's Prize Poem for 1927

This Foreman

By THOMAS HORNSBY FERRIL

"What did you see when the girders rose?"
"A house of steel, a net."
"What else?"
"Men in their working clothes,
Men with their foreheads wet;
I saw them sway on the high steel beams,
But I knew their heads were wet."

"Did you see a workman slip and fall dead?"
"I saw one leave the steel;
I heard what some of the others said,
And I saw the swallows wheel
Round the foreman with the twisted head,
Whose foot was half a heel."

"When the man fell, what did this foreman do?"
"He sang, he sang like a swan
Of how two naked lovers loved
In a cage of steel till dawn;
He sang—and his mouth was a slit of dark—
Of a sword that could be drawn."

"You say you heard this foreman *sing?*"
"I heard him sing like a swan."
"You say this foreman stopped to *sing*
When a man had fallen down?
(He says he heard this foreman sing
Like a swan when a man fell down.)"

"You heard this foreman testify?"
"I heard each word he said."
"Now briefly what did the witness say?"
"He said when the man fell dead,
He slid like a flash to the dead man's side
And gave the dead first aid."

"All right, now what did this foreman do?"
"I heard him sing like a swan
About two naked lovers trapped
In a web of steel till dawn."
"You swear to God you heard him *sing?*"
"By God, that man's the one."

"Court please, I'll ask the witness more,
Court please, I wish to show,
Court please, the witness on the stand,
Court please, is trying to
Make light of what he saw and mock
The State, Court please, and you."

"Do you affirm that this foreman *sang?*"
"I affirm that he's the one."

Now the bailiff hammers a terrible din,
But nobody shouts: Tin, tin, come in!
Because they all stare at the foreman instead,
Who licks the slit in his crooked head.

"You stayed there after twilight came?"
"The twilight did not come;
The steel net shone like a russet flame
At the touch of the watchman's thumb;
The men went home and the watchman walked
His rounds slowly and dumb."

"All right, the twilight did not come;
You stayed, what happened then?"
"I saw the foreman stealing back,
He climbed to the top again,
He moved in the misty girder net
And he sang like many men."

"Court please, I'll ask the witness more:
What did this foreman sing?"
"He sang the strength of steel and steel
In days past measuring;
He tapped the beams with a monkey wrench;
I could feel the high crane ring."

"You're sure it was a monkey wrench?"
"He sang of a snare for love;
He called to the silver hounds of love
In the wooded moon above,
And I heard him cry 'The hounds are dead,
What am I dreaming of?'"

"Go on, you heard this foreman sing?"
"I heard him sing like a ghost,
How a man gone down was a man to lead
The van of a falling host:
'Let my green steel stiffen in the frost
To snare what men love most!'"

"What men love most? He sang of that?"
"I did not understand,
For he sang of the living lives of men
As if the steel had spanned
Their lives with something true and cold
That nobody had planned."

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"Did your family know that you were there?"
"Your honor, I object!"
"Sustained!"
"That's all."
"Go down the hall to the last door and collect
Your fee . . . the last door on the right."
"Poor chap, his mind is wrecked."
Two figures loitered down the hall,
And each signed for its fee.
"I could not understand your song,
Explain the hounds to me."
"Not here, fool! Climb the steel tonight,
The moon goes down at three!"

From the poems submitted in The Nation's *annual poetry contest the editors have chosen "This Foreman" to receive the first prize of $100. The second prize of $50 is awarded to "Puye," by Mary Austin, and the third prize of $25 to "I Was a Maiden," by Clinch Calkins. Honorable Mention is given to Hal Saunders White, Pierre Loving, Allen Tate, and Charles Wagner. "Puye" will be published in the next issue of* The Nation.

H. L. Mencken

By ELIZABETH SHEPLEY SERGEANT

COMING toward me, very swiftly, as I walked in the direction of Fifth Avenue on Forty-fourth Street, I saw a rather short, stocky figure of a man whose blue eyes shone ahead of him like a sort of searchlight. He leaned a little forward, stooping his shoulders, as if to hasten his pace, and he was strongly careened to the right: a boat under full sail. But what bore him down and forward was not a spanking breeze; it was an obviously weighty traveling bag, suspended from a long and almost simian arm. This pedestrian seemed more alertly intent on his way and his business than any other man within range; those china-blue eyes were not preoccupied with Forty-fourth Street at all, but with some inner objective toward which they were heading. It struck me with a shade of surprise that a prosperous bourgeois American should be carrying his own handbag instead of voyaging in a taxi. So, as he passed, I took rather special notice of a short, square, pleasant, determined face. The man was in his prime, yet there was something boyish about him. He belonged to the business world, yet there was something of the thinker in his mien. He was very much at home in New York—indeed, I thought I had seen him before myself—yet he had the air of a visitor. A provincial professor, of some very living subject, on his way to a congress? I fear I have spoken an insult. For the man I had noted was H. L. Mencken, on his way from Hollins Street, Baltimore, via the caves of the Heckscher Building, to the Hotel Algonquin.

I tracked him down at last, you see, in Alfred Knopf's waiting-room. I sat somnolently on a deep couch; in the shaded light Mencken was dismissing, very kindly, a young aspirant who would have liked to be told exactly how to write his article for the *American Mercury*. Mencken knows his influence with the youth of the age, and it has reached his ears that the writers in his magazine are prone to imitate him. He explained that he had now made it a rule to know nothing about any article until it reached his desk in finished form. So dismissing, he collided with a tall glass vase of red flowers. The vase fell over; young ladies with bobbed hair came running at the crash. Mencken was for a moment aghast. He made sounds and gestures of compunction and dismay. Then he came to himself. "Anyhow it was an ugly vase," he said, with that blue-eyed laugh which has something remote and mirthless about it, vanishing in the direction of his private lair while the secretaries picked up the pieces.

But he does not wish to be thought of as a "slayer," so he told me, very earnestly, on another occasion, in his rooms at the Algonquin, after an absinthe cocktail had been dispensed, and a perfect bottle of Moselle placed handy, and a well-chosen jellied bird—this befell on a hot summer day—set on the board. He need not have said it, for even in these impersonal hotel rooms he moves in an atmosphere of amenity. Only a gentle host, in the old-fashioned sense, a host who is also an artist—and surely artists are seldom slayers at bottom—could take so much trouble about gastronomy and vintages. I had expected to meet an artist and an epicure, but I was hardly prepared for the sentimentalist — the solid, Germanic sentimentalist — who emerged when he talked of Baltimore, its stable and familiar scenes: the red brick house with white trimmings, where he had lived for forty-odd years; the quiet domestic life that has gone on there; the classical orchestral music that is produced by the Saturday Night Club, where, with a group of tried old friends, doctors and professors, Mencken plays the second piano part. Even when Mencken is "slaying," it is, I think, to the great roll of the Eroica. In his daily friendly intercourse one hears another, less fateful, more fitful strain of music. From the moment of this first real talk I have associated with our most terrible and earth-shaking critic a word which he often uses in his writing, though few remember it when they, in turn, come to criticism of him. It is "charm." Like a lost flower, charm is carried away on the flood of his invectives.

When these invectives began, I felt confronted not by the sword of the slayer but by a mighty tide—a literal flood-tide of speech, rolling in, wave after wave, rising to a crest, subsiding, rising again, from the inexhaustible Great Lake of Mencken's absorbed and all-inclusive knowledge of what some might call (not he) the "folkways" of his country. The American scene, the American lot, the common American life, the faulty and fictitious American democracy. I speak of a Great Lake rather than of an ocean, for the waves were America-bound—except, perhaps, when he commended the fine tyrannical government of Frederick the Great—and they had, to my disaffected Puritan eye, used to the rocky northern seaboards, something a little featureless and uniform in their variety. Votes, senators, common decency, Bryan, Doctor Coolidge, boobs and yokels, button manufacturers, comstocks, wowsers, snouting and preposterous Puritans, "made for satirists as catnip was made for cats." H. L. Mencken rolled them all on the beach—on his tongue—like so much wreckage, for my fascinated eyes.

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But suddenly a word was spoken that had another echo. It was LIBERTY. When that simple word resounds about Mencken's head, the waves of fluent speech recede. You see him, in the midst of a silence, posing with rapt blue eyes for the picture of a revolutionist of '48, or of an adolescent who has just won a contest with an autocratic father. To use another image, it is as if the traffic signals had changed, and a new light of faith had come out in a doubter's face. This abstract good, this Liberty, is what my Algonquin host was in need of. A fig for wine, women, and song! As Diogenes searched for an honest man, so does the editor of the *Mercury* search for a free Americano. In drawing the portrait of William Jennings Bryan at the Scopes trial he also drew the self-portrait of a lonely observer:

> When I first encountered him [Bryan] on the sidewalk in front of the office of the rustic lawyers who were his associates . . . the trial was yet to begin, and he was still expansive and amiable. The old boy professed to be delighted with the argument, and gave the gaping bystanders to understand that I was a publicist of parts. Not to be outdone, I admired the preposterous country shirt that he wore—sleeveless and with the neck cut very low. We parted in the manner of two ambassadors. . . . The next day the battle joined. . . . By the end of the week he was simply a walking fever. . . . What the Christian Scientists call malicious animal magnetism seemed to radiate from him like heat from a stove. *From my place in the court-room, standing upon a table, I looked directly down upon him, sweating horribly and pumping his palm-leaf fan. His eyes fascinated me; I watched them all day long. They were blazing points of hatred. They glittered like occult and sinister gems. Now and then they wandered to me, and I got my share, for my reports of the trial had come back to Dayton, and he had read them. It was like coming under fire.*

It would have been worth a long journey to see the apostle of Liberty, standing on his table and staring down with curious, sea-blue eyes into the sinister orbs of the apostle of Fundamentalism. I believe that Mencken would sacrifice much for liberty, has indeed, with his strong courage, sacrificed much. Yet do not imagine that a trip to Dayton was a sacrifice. "Here am I, a bachelor of easy means, forty-two years old, unhampered by debts or issues, able to go wherever I please, and to stay as long as I please —here am I contentedly and even snugly basking beneath the Stars and Stripes." Staring at Bryan is one of Mencken's ways of "basking." He would not exchange it for ten trips to Rome. "This eternal struggle is sordid, but . . . it is also extremely amusing. It brings out, as the moralists say, the worst that is in human nature, *which is also the most charming.*" The italics are mine, but mine is not the Catechism that I quote from the end of the Fifth Series of Prejudices:

> *Q.* If you find so much that is unworthy of reverence in the United States, then why do you live here?
>
> *A.* Why do men go to zoos?

A journalist cited to me, apropos of the two Menckens —the comedian of youth, whose tone is not so different, except that it is mature, from that of the Harvard *Lampoon* or any similar college paper, and the sardonic and solemn critic and pamphleteer of our life and letters who has made himself a great national force—the story of the man who went into a restaurant and first consumed a meal of sausage and sauerkraut: that was for his tape worm. Then he ordered the meal of an epicure: that was for himself. This solid and sentimental family man of Baltimore, argues my friend, the Mencken who believes in monogamy and proclaims that women should nurse their babies, and is sure that marriage is not a licensed week-end; this puritanical skeptic, with his bookish and even scholarly tastes and his need of a familiar solitude in which to formulate in highly wrought phrases his scheme of fatalistic valuations—he is doubled by a discursive and immensely curious journalist, a man of broader ways and humors, who must keep in touch with the worst that is known and thought in his country in order to ply the trade he entered upon as soon as he could escape from the family cigar factory: the trade of destructive and ironic critic of his day and hour.

New York, even from Mencken's standpoint, is less pernicious than the hinterland of the rustic. But it is a place where the gifts that he esteems least—his gifts as a business man and a high-class journalist—can draw their provender. Stimulated and repletely amused, the comedian makes a jump for the Pennsylvania Station, and by the time he has reached Hollins Street and entered into that solitary tomb of the serious writer which he has described so feelingly—the place where even Mencken has to fight with words and phrases to make them salient and responsive to his thought—he is again the civilized iconoclast, the almost tragic critic.

> There was something [he said of Beethoven] Olympian in his rages, and there was a touch of hell-fire in his mirth. . . . He concerns himself, not with the puerile agonies of love, but with the eternal tragedy of man. He is a great tragic poet, and, like all great tragic poets, he is obsessed by a sense of the inscrutable meaninglessness of life. . . . In his gorgeous music there went all of the high skepticism of the eighteenth century, but into it there also went the new enthusiasm, the new determination to challenge and beat the gods that dawned with the nineteenth century.

Mencken is not appraising himself when he thus appraises Beethoven. He is not appraising himself when he quotes Conrad as saying that his mission is "not to edify, to console, to improve, or encourage but simply to get down on paper some shadow of his own eager sense of the wonder and prodigality of life as men lead it in this world, and of its unfathomable romance and mystery." But men shall be known by their admirations as well as by their hates, and Mencken's outspoken praise, his deep intuitive sympathies for these great fatalistic artists is a kind of self-revelation. As from his championing of the Dreisers and the Willa Cathers and the Hergesheimers and the Cabells among native novelists one can draw a vision of the kind of American he is.

A non-Anglo-Saxon American—that is, a non-Puritan, a man of European rather than of British lineage. There is, as he says, undeniably

> a difference in their primary instincts, in their reactions to common stimuli, in their ways of looking at the world, and that difference has, of late years, come to the estate of conflict, with the "Anglo-Saxon" striving to keep what he has—his point of view, his cultural leadership, his political hegemony—and the non-"Anglo-Saxon" trying to take it away from him. . . . To admit the conflict is to admit his clear right, nay, his bounden duty to battle for his side, passionately, desperately, and with any weapon at hand.

When I spend two or three hours with Mencken I become subtly aware that he is the descendant of gregarious, agnostic, scholarly, musical, extraverted Germans, saturated for centuries in the common life of the cafe and the market-

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place and the popular classical concert, while I descend from lonely New England farmers and doctors and divines who meditated on eternity and morality and the state of their souls as they pursued their introverted and difficult lives. Mencken, though so much of a romantic Nietzschean individualist, hates and loathes his solitude as a writer, rages against it as he rages about his amenities, and worries not at all about his soul. Theoretically he loves to stand alone, a superior individual whose mission it is to resist and survive. Practically and actually he is a very gregarious human who enjoys a drummer or a Babbitt much better than a cultured man, studies his customs and his ideas and even his speech—remember that remarkable work "The American Language"—with close attention, though he cannot endure being governed by his opinions.

Henry Louis Mencken was born in the year 1880 in Baltimore. His life may already be found in extenso—such is our biographical age—in the compendious volume of Isaac Goldberg, Ph.D. If Mencken ever laughed at himself (I am not sure) it must have been when he saw those despised professorial stigmata on the cover. He himself, being an exceedingly personal writer—"What is in the head infallibly oozes out through the nub of the pen"—has told us practically everything we want to know about the mature Mencken, even to possibly undesired details of manicuring and pajamas. That he does so, rather consciously and objectively, and, when the comedian's manner is upon him, brazenly, I gather from sentences like this:

> An author, like any other so-called artist, is a man in whom the normal vanity of all men is so vastly exaggerated that he finds it a sheer impossibility to hold it in. His overpowering impulse is to gyrate before his fellow-men, flapping his wings and emitting defiant yells. This being forbidden by the polizei of all civilized countries, he takes it out by putting his yells on paper. Such is the thing called self-expression.

So Mencken does laugh at himself, sardonically enough. I wonder whether the editors of the *Yale Review*, the *New Republic*, the *Saturday Review of Literature*, or even the *New Yorker* would relish themselves, as this Mercurial editor does, in the guise of strutting fowls.

It is from Goldberg, rather than from Mencken, however, that I have learned his family history. His grandfather Mencken came to Baltimore in 1848 (not, we are assured, as a revolutionary patriot), entered a tobacco factory—for the German Menckens, earlier of the professional classes, had become men of commerce—bought a general store, then founded a tobacco factory of his own, a solid business which was continued by Mencken's father. The grandfather, in the childhood of young Henry, was a domineering old patriarch in a long-tailed black coat and "archaic" collars, who dosed his twenty grandchildren and drove them out in his swarming buggy. The father, another hard-headed, autocratic business man, destined his eldest son, Henry, for the tobacco business. Mencken often tells us that he inherited his agnostic habit of mind, as well as his liking for practical jokes, from his male ancestors. He would not, perhaps, allow as easily that inversely he may have drawn from this same dominant source his strong dislike for business as a profession and his male view—clear in the general and particular tone of his works—that women are very secondary to the constructive lives of men.

Henry had intentions of his own about his career. Having read "Huckleberry Finn" when he was six, beginning "seriously" to write by his twelfth year—he has characteristically preserved his first very creditable work, on A New Platinum Toning Bath for Silver Prints—having been, *mirabile dictu*, confirmed at the age of fifteen in the Lutheran church, having turned to poetic and musical composition, while at the Baltimore Polytechnic having adopted Huxley as his god, he determined to become a journalist. His time in the factory was brief. His father died, he took over the headship of the family, and once and for all settled down to live with his mother, and got an assignment on the Baltimore *Morning Herald*.

By 1903 he was city editor. By 1905, at the age of twenty-five, he was editor-in-chief. The next year he moved to the more famous *Sun*, where he stayed until 1917. His most notable work there was done for his free-lance column—the origin of the "Maryland Free State," of which he is so justly proud. He became literary critic of the *Smart Set* in 1908, to Nathan's dramatic critic; and thus began his long and affectionate association with the new literature and the new authors, like Dreiser, whom he helped so materially to show their heads above the walls of Puritan prejudice. Editor of the magazine in 1912, then owner, with Nathan, and finally editor of the *American Mercury;* this is the outline.

Add to this bare chronicle a vast number of allied activities in the field of critical letters, including the publication of many books, and you have a career multifariously active, aggressively successful, robust and exuberant; undoubtedly one of the most significant careers of contemporary America. Here is a vigorous trained mind, with sensitive literary and artistic perceptions and strong scientific interest, propelled by a temperament at once ruthless, fearless, and militant. Mencken disclaims idealism, scholarship, evangelism, yet he is really a sort of sadistic evangelist, a Puritan with a scalpel instead of a Bible, who is all the people he condemns. "It is difficult," he admits, "for an American to contemplate an American without something comparable to moral indignation."

Mencken's indignation and his isolation grow with the years. When he had gathered about himself a fairly numerous group of creative literary spirits—about his earlier self, the critic as artist, who smashed the old idols of wholesomeness and respectability—he turned away from them. They no longer needed him. Their cause was won. The parlous state of the democratic state called him to new and more bitter social action. The *American Mercury* takes less interest in the arts than the *Smart Set* of old, and more in social phenomena. The partnership with Nathan, which belonged to the aesthetic years, was here dissolved, and one finds the social critics, the historians, the doctors, and scientists taking the floor. Mencken admits that he can scarcely now read a current novel. "He will be Mayor of Baltimore in five years," remarked Nathan sagely.

Just then Mencken stuck his head, with its goblin ears, through the door to summon his delicate friend to lunch. "I hear you are to be Mayor of Baltimore?" "No, I refused the office. But I may run for Senator."

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> that the world is a vast field of greased poles flying gaudy and seductive flags. Up each a human soul goes shinning, painfully and with many a slip. Some climb eventually to high levels; a few scale the dizziest heights. But the great majority never get very far from the ground. There they struggle for a while and then give it up. The effort is too much for them: it doesn't seem to be worth its agonies. Golf is easier; so is joining the Rotary; so is fundamentalism; so is osteopathy, so is Americanism.

Democracy is the government of the envious, of those who cannot allow their superiors—the ideally educated modern men, who have put away the immemorial fears of the race and are sure of themselves in this world—a chance to rule them. Democratic man hates the fellow who is having a better time than he, as the Puritan and the Prohibitionist do.

Is Mencken going by his invectives to swell the company of the governing aristocrats, as he undoubtedly swelled the company of the free writers? Is he, by his words of scorn, bringing out of their holes men of "common decency" who do not buy votes or office, or compromise with ideas for jobs? He seems to doubt it.

> The free man is one who has won a small and precarious territory from the great mob of his inferiors, and is prepared and ready to defend it and make it support him. All around him are enemies, and where he stands there is no friend. He can hope for little help from other men of his own kind, for they have battles of their own to fight. He has made himself a sort of god in his little world, and he must face the responsibilities of a god, and the dreadful loneliness.

The passage, as much as any in Swift's satires, seems to spring from a tragic source.

Mencken, it is well known, is a dominating contemporary influence in our universities. Yet he is not, in any daily human sense, close to the young. He still stands on a table of isolation, above these young collegians who stretch out their hands to him. Life, says Horace Walpole, is a comedy to those who think, a tragedy to those who feel.

It is easy to see whence the legend of Mencken the slayer arose. Straight from the books. Looking toward the human being I see a man with bright blue eyes and a gentle mouth, listening to a strain of music and surrounded by old and even elderly friends—mostly doctors and musicians and journalists, the happiest boon companions Baltimore has to offer. Mencken's friends know him as a man of originality, "hence of genuine charm." A man with a wine cellar. A man extraordinarily free. A man who has had a rare time in that silent study which is his tomb and his solace, charging innocent words with his own powerful brand of dynamite and arranging them in his own dangerous pattern. They know him as a man who likes to do a good turn to the very underdogs he affects to despise, and who would ill endure himself the iron rule of a Kaiser or a Mussolini. They know him as a romantic adventurer in the field of sex who feels love to be the business of the cool of the evening. They know him as one who has furnished more ideas to other men than any other living American critic. Perhaps he has failed to live up to the traditions of his substantial, patriarchal tribe, good citizens of the Free State, by remaining a bachelor. But the descendants of an original and generous artist are not always children of flesh and blood. They are sometimes, like Mr. Babbitt—Mr. Boob—the children of other men's brains.

Unchanging Spain

By HAVELOCK ELLIS

IT is common to regard Spain as one of the most unchanging and conservative of European countries. The common belief is here not altogether wrong. But Spanish stability allows of considerable flexibility, even of a decided taste for novelty. Spain was eager, rather than backward, to adopt electricity, the gramophone, the cinema. There is no need to read Gautier's narrative of his tour through Spain to realize how much Spain has changed its aspect in less than a century. Any one who, like the present writer, has been many times to Spain during a space of thirty or forty years can realize the rapidity with which the external Spain changes. Thus when first I stayed at the ancient shrine on the mountain height of Monserrat twenty years ago, ascending indeed by the little mountain railway, I yet seemed to have escaped from the modern world. The days of calm exhilaration I spent there count among the finest moments of life, and the record of them appears in my book "The Soul of Spain." A few years later I went again, not expecting to repeat the experience, for I have always known that one can never bathe twice in the same stream, but desiring to investigate several points left over in my first visit. I found the atmosphere of Monserrat even more changed than I could have believed possible in so short an interval. The advertisements I had been so glad to miss were now duly emblazoned on the rock-walls. The hideous hoot of the automobile made impossible any realization of the nearness of the sky. And all day long workmen were noisily hammering at the task of erecting a tawdry pavilion on the little plateau in front of the monastery for the reception of the members of the International Cotton Congress. Sadly I came away, with no desire to ascend Monserrat again, and there is no record of that visit.

Yet, however much the temporal Spain changes—and some may give good reasons why the change should be still more rapid—there will always remain an eternal Spain. For the spirit of Spain represents one of the fundamental notes in the harmony which underlies the merely superficial conflicts of Europe. It is a note which has not only been struck deep in the spiritual history of man, but has had an incomparable physical resonance. The empire "on which the sun never set" has left a mark on the world which cannot be effaced, and it is a significant fact that of the four books before us now three are in one way or another associated with America.*

The exception is the first. Mr. Trend writes as an Englishman, and he has on more than one occasion emphasized the sympathy and affinity which in some respects bring the Englishman near to the Spaniard. It is indeed notable that from an early period the English, usually so slowly receptive, welcomed Spanish literature and Spanish art, being pioneers in the international appreciation of Cervantes and of Velasquez, while the most intimate and penetrating attempts to understand Spanish genius and Spanish life have often been English. Mr. Trend is today probably

* "Alfonso the Sage and Other Spanish Essays." By J. B. Trend. Houghton Mifflin Company. $4.

"Contributions to the Restoration of the Poema del Cid." By H. R. Lang. *Revue Hispanique*, Vol. 66.

"Spanish Folk Songs of New Mexico." Collected by Mary R. Van Stone. Chicago: Ralph Fletcher Seymour.

"El Vigía: Ensayos." By Jose A. Balseiro. Madrid: Mundo Latino.

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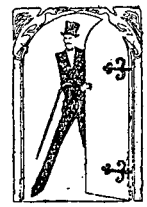
ne most conspicuous though by no means the only repre-entative of this English spirit. In his numerous and aried little essays on Spanish subjects, of which this new olume contains a typical selection, we must not expect to nd balanced, comprehensive, or judicial estimates. He is ngagingly swayed by his feelings, he has his prejudices nd his special tastes. He possesses an intimate knowledge f Spanish music but seems to have little interest in Spanish ainting. In his mind, as in his manner of writing, there eems to be a certain inequality and caprice; he perhaps rites best where he can write most easily, of people, like he poet Campoamor, whom he neither loves nor hates, but ho chance to possess a fragrance he can flutter around nd inhale and happily capture for us also to inhale. His dmiration for Pio Baroja, interesting as that novelist's ork sometimes is, seems rather excessive, while his con-emnation of Blasco Ibáñez is equally excessive. On that oint, indeed, I can sympathize with Mr. Trend, who evi-ently feels that in gaining a popular international fame lasco Ibáñez has lost his soul; but while the work of that riter has long ceased to possess any literary interest, it is rong to dismiss his powerful early novels of the Valencia e knows so well as "crude stories of violence," and to fail see that their author even today is a genuine and impres-ive representative of the Spanish spirit. When this has een said, however, we may take what Mr. Trend has to ive us and be thankful. He gives us much; there can be ew lovers of Spain who will not find something new in his ages, or fail to gain a fresh enjoyment of things they lready know.

With Professor Lang of Yale we enter another world. Ie is not concerned with the Spain of today; he is not writ-ng for the general reader; he is a scholar addressing schol-rs. Here he is concerned with one of the eternal monu-ments of Spanish art, the poem of the Cid, and the whole rgument of his minutely elaborate work is that that poem vas really written as a finished piece of art and not in the ften irregular and crude versification in which it has come lown to us. He seems to make out an excellent case for this rgument—"that the task of rescuing a considerable portion f the verse from its present state of disorder is not so lesperate as is often supposed." On such a matter scholars lone are entitled to pronounce a decided judgment. But here can be no doubt that he has achieved a fine and im-ressive piece of work.

With "Spanish Folk Songs of New Mexico" we are brought to what for most readers will be a remote and novel field of Spanish verse, made all the more interesting because the music as well as the words of these songs has here been transcribed, with an introduction by Alice Corbin, to whose sympathetic encouragement the book owes its origin. In Old Spain the art of folk song has always been a popular possession, and songs are still made or remolded among the people, "the Spanish people"—as Balseiro has remarked in quoting a Spanish folk song—"one of the greatest poets that ever lived." They have been diligently brought together by enthusiastic collectors and are well known. Now it is interesting to find that the same art was carried over to America by Spaniards, and is still today exercised, often with reference to recent events, even to bootlegging. But many of them are ancient, and some are virtually identical with real Spanish *cantares populares*, while in others we constantly find old Spanish echoes. Let us hope that there will be still further gleanings in this field, which cannot fail to concern not only those of more or

I'LL HAVE A FINE FUNERAL



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less Spanish descent but all who are interested in the foundations of American civilization.

With "El Vigía" we are in the most modern Spain. José Balseiro, now settled in Madrid and one of the most brilliant of the younger poets, novelists, and essayists of Spain, had his origins in America, in Porto Rico, and it was indeed at the University of Porto Rico that some of the essays included in this volume were delivered as lectures. Balseiro is thus enabled to gain a standpoint which is at once genuinely national and widely international. He has all the Spanish fervor and eloquence weighted with the reflection and knowledge of a singularly comprehensive, cultured, and vigorous mind. He not only is at home with Unamuno or Hernandez-Cata, but can discuss the latest books of Mencken and Nathan, and is familiar with English writers, ancient and modern. He can accept as a motto the saying of D'Annunzio that "Art is the precious food that makes of man a god," and at the same time emphasize the harmony between art and science. Like Mr. Trend, he is intimately attracted to music but with a wider outlook; he finds Russia and France to be the interesting musical countries of today, and he must surely be almost alone among critics outside France in his ability to speak with knowledge and critical insight of the music of Dukas, who to most people is known only by a single piece. For Balseiro life is an adventure, a voyage across a great sea with perpetual revelations for him who stands at the lookout post. We realize as we read this eloquent and stimulating book that the spirit of old Spain still lives, even though it may no longer retain the old energy on the material plane.

Books

First Glance

"THE Work of Stephen Crane" (12 vols., Knopf: $90), all of which now is published, stands a lovely monument to one of the most startling of modern writers. To say that he still startles is perhaps to pay him sufficient compliment, since in ordinary cases such a knack wears out with the first change of literary fashion. Even though the fashion since Crane's brief day has been somewhat with him, even though he was ahead of his time and helped to make our own, almost thirty years have passed since he died, and this is enough to have laid his ghost if it was to be laid. That it was not, and is not, can be explained by saying that the peculiar intensity with which he wrote had nothing to do either with his time or with ours, or indeed with any. The perfect compliment that will eventually be paid him will take the form of an analysis of his need to live—at least as an artist—in the midst of all but unbearable excitement.

Thomas Beer, introducing "The O'Ruddy" in the present edition, says of the later Crane: "He was plainly drifting from the intense studies of excitement which made the force of his early period; the social critic was beginning to appear in 'The Monster' and in passages of the Whilomville tales." The analysis I speak of will have, then, to confine itself to the early Crane—which means, of course, nearly all of the Crane we have. It will take only the first and terrible part of "The Monster," the best part; in general it will deal with the most interesting Crane, leaving the man he might have become—and I for one grow a little sad at the thought of his having ever tended to be a conscious social critic—to specialists in comparatively unexciting fields.

The outstanding fact about Crane as a communicator of terror is that he does the thing coldly. When he himself grows scared, or when he remembers his reputation as the poet laureate of fear, he introduces a kind of warmth—the wrong kind for him—and fails. "The Red Badge of Courage" takes effect purely in the mind, and so do all of the good stories which followed it. There is no goose-flesh in Crane. One is distinctly a spectator; the scene is far off, cut off, isolated; one has plenty of time to note the beauty of the day in which the thing happens. And there is always the cool hand of humor managing details. Midway in Three Miraculous Soldiers, the best I think of all the shorter pieces, and certainly the most exciting, we get this detail concerning the Southern barn in which three hunted Confederates are about to be hidden by a thoroughly scared girl:

> Santo, in his stall, was tranquilly chewing and chewing. Sometimes he looked benevolently over at them. He was an old horse, and there was something about his eyes and his forelock which created the impression that he wore spectacles.

A moment later, having stuffed her heroes into a feed box, Mary starts for the house before which some Northern cavalrymen have halted.

> She made two attempts to walk dauntlessly from the barn, but each time she faltered and failed just before she reached the point where she could have been seen by the blue-coated troopers. At last, however, she made a sort of rush forward and went out into the bright sunshine.
>
> The group of men in double-breasted coats wheeled in her direction at the instant. The gray-bearded officer forgot to lower his arm, which had been stretched forth in giving an order.
>
> She felt that her feet were touching the ground in a most unnatural manner. Her bearing, she believed, was suddenly grown awkward and ungainly. Upon her face she thought that this sentence was plainly written: "There are three men hidden in the feed-box."

Courage, like fear, was to Crane both awful and grotesque. Purpose in general, in a world which for him was chiefly dark, was strangely bright; it fascinated him, he wanted to study it. To that extent he was a social critic from the beginning. Without perhaps knowing it he was also a philosopher; a barn could be the universe, an orchard the unknown.

MARK VAN DOREN

The Serbian Crime

Serajevo: A Study in the Origins of the Great War. By R. W. Seton-Watson. London: Hutchinson and Company. 18s.

THE Balkan question—the turbulent leavings of Turkish conquest and misrule—has disturbed Europe for a century past, and to a Balkan question was due the disaster that has befallen civilized mankind. No one who cares for humanity can avoid the Balkans, and I think it unfortunate that whoever studies the Balkans and knows them well is almost sure to adopt one or other of the Balkan races as a kind of favorite or pet. Thus James Bourchier adopted Bulgaria, and may almost be called its father. Noel Buxton has also adopted Bulgaria, though not quite with such paternal affection. So has Charles Roden Buxton, and in Bulgaria one has only to pronounce the word "Booxtoon" to be received with special favor. Miss Edith Durham adopted Albania, of which she became the acknowledged "Kralitza" or Queen. And well it would have been for the Powers if they had made her Mpret instead of the incapable

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Wied; for in Albania the name of "Dourharm" will win you protection wherever you go. Harold Spender adopted Greece and Montenegro. I have not heard of anyone adopting Rumania, unless it be Lord Thomson, but I know at least two men who still adopt the Turks. For myself, I incline to the Albanians for their picturesque manners and unusual honesty, but to the Bulgars for their silence, their dogged persistence, and their passion for knowledge.

People may dispute about one or another of these adoptive leanings, but no one will dispute about Dr. Seton-Watson. He has long taken the Serbs and the other Jugoslavs for his own. He might be called the father of Jugoslavia. For years before the war he had lived among its various peoples, had studied their languages and their histories, was intimately acquainted with their leading men, and had promoted the Jugoslav interests at a time when the very name of Jugoslavia was almost unknown in this country. If ever there was a man capable of writing the complicated history of the variegated peoples now nominally united under the wide extension of the Serbian kingdom, it is he. And that, he tells us in the preface to this book, is the task upon which he is now engaged—a stupendous task, which I do not envy.

The present volume is but one chapter in that immense and difficult history, but its subject is so obscure, and yet so vital for the history of all Europe, that he has wisely determined to separate it from the rest, in order that proportion in the main work may be kept. So he has devoted the whole of this volume to a minute and documented examination of the atrocious crime that was the occasion, though far from being the inner cause, of the war which sent about a score of millions of the finest young men in the world to premature death. The questions that he sets himself to solve are: What were the international conditions that led up to the crime? What were the motives of the assassins? Was the Serbian Government involved in the crime? Did they instigate it, or connive at it? Did they "compound a felony"? And were they guilty in bringing about the war at this particular moment by refusing one or two points in the Austrian ultimatum of July 24, 1914? Or was that ultimatum framed in provocative terms for the express purpose of making war inevitable?

Those are the main questions that Dr. Seton-Watson sets himself to answer, and he has attempted to decide them in a judicial spirit, though, owing to that peculiarity in Balkan affairs above mentioned, I find it hard to forget his resolute position as champion of the Serbs and Jugoslavs. It seems to me possible that he would not have entered into these questions in such detail—outside the scope and proportion of his main work—but for the recent appearance of what he rightly calls the "amazing article" by M. Ljuba Jovanovich which appeared to involve the Belgrade Government in connivance at the murder of the Archduke and his wife, if not actually in its instigation. That amazing article was published on the tenth anniversary of the war in a Belgrade magazine called *Blood of Slavdom*, and was first brought to notice in England by Miss Edith Durham, who is always fiercely attacked by Dr. Seton-Watson for her anti-Serb opinions, but who was certainly justified in her quotations from that document, and in her demands for explanations which the Serbian Government has never given.

M. Ljuba (call him so to distinguish him from the numerous Jovanoviches) wrote with authority. At the time of the murders he was in the Pachich cabinet as Minister of Education, and he was president of the Skupschtina when he wrote the article. In it he stated that "at the end of May or the beginning of June," 1914, Pachich told the Cabinet that certain persons were preparing to go to Serajevo and murder the Archduke Francis Ferdinand when he visited the city on St. Vitus's Day (the celebration of Kosovo). Pachich added that orders had been given to the authorities (presumably the police) to prevent the young men from crossing the Drina, but the authorities had told Belgrade the men were already across and it was too late.

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After Miss Durham had drawn public attention to the "amazing article," the feeling of England, America, and especially of Germany was naturally aroused. Explanations were demanded from Serbia, and the Belgrade Government promised a Blue Book, which Dr. Seton-Watson complains never appeared. It is useless for him to describe Miss Durham as "a credulous writer, with whom hostility to everything Serb has become a positive obsession." Miss Durham holds the trump card, and that is Ljuba's amazing article. Dr. Seton-Watson tries at times to overtrump in various ways. He says that Ljuba may have been merely boasting; that Pachich always showed an astonishing indifference to public opinion, or for political reasons failed to produce the proofs of his Government's innocence and ignorance. But in the end one doubts whether Dr. Seton-Watson himself can put faith in such pleas in favor of his clients. By a long series of documents and arguments he shows, probably quite truly, that, owing to the fears or ambitions of monarchs, politicians, and diplomats, the war must have come very soon, murders or no murders, and he attributes the ultimate guilt chiefly to Count Berchtold, who then, unhappily, controlled Austrian foreign policy. But on the immediate question of Serbian guilt the Serbian Government stands condemned, no matter what their champion has brought forward. The murders of Serajevo were not the far-reaching causes of the war, but they were the terrible occasion, and one cannot as yet acquit the Serbian Ministers of allowing that occasion to arise.

HENRY W. NEVINSON

A Greater Than Daniel Boone

George Croghan and the Western Movement. By Albert T. Volwider. Cleveland: Arthur H. Clark Company. $6.

THE study of history in America has developed much strength in the last few decades, particularly along two lines. Not only are the rich sources in archives more carefully searched—a procedure in our universities unknown two decades ago—but also private papers of all kinds from personal correspondence to accounts of merchants are collected, and their evidence weighed. The second development is a widening of the area of research, which is best illustrated by the extension of the field of study to the West, until recently regarded as too young to possess a past. The book under consideration is an excellent example of both departures from the traditions of the fathers. The subject is the opening of the transmontane territory by the British as illustrated by the career of George Croghan. The author has been obliged to seek his material largely in unprinted sources, though he has used three or four well-known collections of documents. The results of his labors are amply justified, and a Western publisher has given to them a fitting setting.

The name of George Croghan is scarcely known to Americans, even to those who pride themselves on their knowledge of the history of their country. Yet as an instrument in opening up the West to exploitation first by the fur traders and then by the settlers he was so far superior to Daniel Boone that there can be no comparison. His services to the British West overshadowed those of the youthful Washington. The latter's name is always mentioned in the story of General Braddock's expedition and defeat, but the no less conspicuous support of Croghan has been forgotten. The explanation is simple. The stream of patriotic fervor, the inspiration of all good historians, has flowed toward the American Revolution and away from the scenes of Croghan's labors, wherein popular ignorance and caprice were granted full liberty to apotheosize the relatively unimportant Boone. At last the stream of research has turned westward, and many new names are being added to American hagiology. Among them must stand the name of this racy, uncultivated, unscrupulous pioneer of Big Business, George Croghan.

This new candidate for canonization was an Irishman, but his name will not be exalted by my good friends of the Catholic Historical Society, for he was raised and died within the fold of the Church of England. He came to America in 1741 and took up land near Harris Ferry, one of the Pennsylvania gateways to the West. Immediately he became prominent in the fur trade, and he led the way further and further into the wilderness beyond the mountains, the no-man's-land between the French and English possessions. Croghan's skill as a negotiator with the Indians of the Ohio Valley shook the foundations of the French empire. This is not an exaggeration. During the closing years of King George's War the commandants of Kaskaskia and Detroit trembled from fear of his intrigues. It was Croghan's trading enterprises rather than the projects of the Ohio Land Company of Virginia that compelled the French to make their last great effort to save their empire by building the line of forts from Lake Erie to the forks of the Ohio. Mr. Volwider suggests that Croghan instead of Washington would have been sent to protest against the French encroachments upon disputed territory had not local politics in Pennsylvania—even so early fertile ground—prevented his appointment. Thus Virginia land speculators took the lead.

During the period that he was pursuing primarily the trade in furs, Pennsylvania frequently employed Croghan in negotiating with the Indians. After the defeat of General Braddock he served again and again as agent. It was he who prepared the way for the successful capture of Fort Duquesne by Forbes. In 1760 Sir William Johnson appointed him to the permanent position of deputy Indian agent. His territory was the most important in the Northern superintendency, the Old Northwest. Within this region it was his duty to keep the Indians quiet. Unfortunately private business called him to England in the year of the Conspiracy of Pontiac, but he returned in time to bring the war to an end. These services of his are not altogether unknown even to the most Eastern historians. After all military attempts to reach the Illinois country had failed, Croghan made a spectacular expedition down the Ohio, met Pontiac at Vincennes, and negotiated a peace which opened the Ohio Valley to the army and consequently to fur traders and land speculators. The history of the West in the year 1765 was melodramatic; and George Croghan was its headliner.

Exigencies of imperial finance—the Stamp Act was repealed—required economies; and the Indian Department, which from 1760 to 1768 passed through a period of expansion, was reduced almost to extinction. Croghan's ambition had at the same time led him into new enterprises requiring his personal attention. He now resigned his imperial job to become one of the greatest land speculators of the old West. Probably Mr. Volwider's exposition of Croghan as the protagonist of Big Business will be found the most interesting part of his book. Certainly he has exhibited unlimited industry in following the devious and obscure path of this dealer in futures. His maps of Croghan's holdings are illuminating and present a vivid picture of many adventures in high finance at the close of the colonial period. Croghan's influence extended into all the colonies where get-rich-quick schemes were being hatched; and even in England his advice and assistance were solicited. He held shares in the great speculative companies known as the Illinois, the Vandalia, and the Indiana. Two of these attempted to found new colonies. Besides these larger schemes he bought land in New York, Pennsylvania, and Virginia, at one time holding clear title, save for mortgages, to 250,000 acres. He secured on his own account Indian titles to over seven million acres. In these far-reaching plans he came into direct competition with George Washington, who was reaching out in the same direction. Between the methods of the two there was a significant contrast. Washington looked for support to colonial Williamsburg, Croghan to imperial Westminster. The revolt of the colonies decided the issue.

Financial conditions were chaotic during the revolution. Croghan was ruined. His capital was too small to carry him through the crisis. Then, too, he was not popular with the patriots. His son-in-law was an officer in the British army;

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many relatives and intimate friends were tories; he himself was suspected, but not convicted, of giving assistance to the enemy. His land was sold by himself or heirs to pay his debts. He died in poverty in 1782. Forgotten by his fellow-countrymen and ignored by historians though he has been, Mr. Volwider's final judgment of him is sound: "Judged by material standards he was a failure; yet he was one of the most persuasive, persistent, and influential of the great American pioneers of the period and he typified, not the abnormal but the normal development of society."

CLARENCE WALWORTH ALVORD

French Commonplace

The Thibaults. By Roger Martin du Gard. Translated by Madeleine Boyd. Boni and Liveright. Two volumes. $5.

A FEW months ago I had occasion to buy a new hat in a shop near the Sorbonne. Wishing to procure one that would be in every way suitable, I consulted a young student of philosophy who in a gold-braided academic cap happened to be standing near the counter. Having taken advantage of his courtesy I ventured to remark that I had recently been talking to the greatest living philosopher. "And who may that be?" asked my new acquaintance. "Herr Sigmund Freud," I answered. The youthful scholar shrugged his shoulders with a gesture that brought home to me, more than any number of words could have done, the provincial arrogance of this brilliant and sophisticated race who approach life with the vitality and predatory greed of a shoal of gudgeon. "Je ne le connais pas. Il n'est pas Français."

In the same way I have an idea that the Parisian critics esteem "The Thibaults" as highly as they do for no better reason than that it is so essentially French in its treatment. And, indeed, the technique of the book is far more competent than the technique of any novel that Theodore Dreiser or Sherwood Anderson or Sinclair Lewis could have written; and yet for all its adroitness these two volumes remain for me at least essentially commonplace. The wide sweep of Dreiser's strokes are more authentic, the spiritual renascence implicit in Anderson's style more convincing, and the plain realism of Sinclair Lewis more acute. The hereditary advantage of Du Gard renders him incapable of the kind of literary *faux pas* which so often mars the work of the novelists I have named, but at the same time his pages lack evidence of that intellectual intensity, of that spiritual passion, which gives a rugged value to much of the fiction produced today in England and America.

To compare Du Gard with Marcel Proust reveals a grave misconception of the aims and function of great writing. The genius of Proust differs completely from the talent of Du Gard; the former presents Parisian life in all its infinite variety *from without* its "flaming ramparts," the latter accepts the scene on its surface value and constructs his tale with the supreme confidence of any of his own self-conceived bourgeois citizens.

Occasionally, it is true, by a sentence, a word, the book shows itself to be better than the average yellow-back to be bought by the thousand on the Rue St. Michel, but readers will look in vain for the finesse of a Jules Romains or the intellectual acumen of a Paul Valéry. Here is an excellent description of an old reactionary Catholic business man at home, though I suspect that the merit of the passage depends very largely on Mrs. Boyd's brilliant translation. "His apparent inertia was like the waiting spider's: he was waiting for the oscillation of his thought to give him the solid solution to some administrative or social problem. He had always worked in that way passive and petrified, his eyes half shut, only his brain being alive." Writing of that kind is obviously admirable, but even admitting that such passages do occur the book does not, and never can, in my opinion, take its place among really inspired work.

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dull. Its preoccupation with sex is too constant. Here's a brave topic to prevent the eyelids of somnolent citizens from drooping, and it recurs and recurs and recurs in these pages with the same insistence and power of rejuvenating attention as in life itself. All the men and women, all the boys and girls in its pages bring with them their own "dainty experiences." In truth there is no extravagance of the wild and intractable instinct that is not dragged in—homosexuality, lesbianism, sadism, and the attraction felt by European women for Africans whose smooth silky skins feel to their touch "like the warm body of a bird under its feathers." Small wonder that the dangerous woman of the story is made to declare that "her body has no memories"!

At the present day when our interest in this aspect of life is so lively it is often a hard matter for a conscientious critic to gauge exactly how far the fame that gathers about any particular volume depends upon its artistic quality and how far upon the relief that so many of us feel in having these country matters dealt with honestly and openly. In the case of "The Thibaults" I believe that the wide notice it has been given by the reviewers has little to do with any originality or distinction of style to be found between its covers. It is the work of a clever, accomplished young Frenchman treating of a subject that he finds especially interesting and which has—who would care to deny it?—a very particular appeal for all of us.

LLEWELYN POWYS

Heredity and Variation

The Theory of the Gene. By Thomas Hunt Morgan. Yale University Press. $4.

THE story of the transformation of a venturesome and abstract theory, despised and rejected of a large proportion of men of science, into an established body of concrete scientific knowledge of the highest importance; a story told by the man who has done most to bring about that transformation; an interesting and instructive chapter in the history of science. "The Theory of the Gene" is an account of the basic processes of heredity and variation; of the "particular go" of those phenomena. It summarizes perhaps the most fundamental contribution made to biological science within a century. The matters with which it deals are of the greatest intrinsic interest to every human being; to all the arts and sciences that deal with living things.

In his early chapters Mr. Morgan states the theory in its abstract form, with the grounds which made it a plausible guess. Then in successive chapters are detailed the discoveries which brought about gradually the overwhelming confirmation of the theory, its extension and elaboration. The story is told as clearly and simply as the nature of the material and a regard for accuracy render possible. But at the best this sort of thing does not make easy reading. The book is packed with detailed facts, relating to things not familiar to most readers; facts all tending to support and make concrete the general theory. This has its fascination to vigorous minds; but the overwhelming volume of these confirmatory facts tends to fatigue. The book is distinctly one to be chewed and digested; one to be studied with pencil and tablet in hand.

Concretely, it is an account of the role played in development, inheritance, variation, and perhaps evolution by the chromosomal apparatus—that embodiment in small of the hereditary constitution of the organism. Parts of this account, notably the clear summaries of the great mass of recent investigations on the observed changes in the chromosomes—changes in their number, their distribution, and their constitution, with the effect of these changes—will be helpful even to special students in this field; as all of it will be to the courageous general reader. It cannot be too much emphasized that the material treated in this work is foundational for all understanding of the working out of inheritance and variation in the later characteristics of organisms—matters not dealt with in this book, save for typical instances.

Mr. Morgan deals not only with the settled questions of genetics, but also in large measure with the problems that are still open, that are now under examination. To the serious student these parts of the work are as full of interest as the rest. Here we have, from a competent hand, a statement of the matters now under investigation; here are the riddles whose answers we may watch for as further studies are made.

In placing in the foreground the abstract theory, and presenting the discovered facts as adjuncts to it, Mr. Morgan incurs the danger of carrying over to the facts that attitude of distrust, of skepticism, which bizarre and high-flying theories arouse in many minds—as if the facts might be rejected if one dislikes this type of theory. There are many advantages in simply presenting in their own right the facts, with all their qualifications and limitations; when this is done thoroughly and systematically, a body of knowledge results that is perhaps indistinguishable from the theory, yet consists of confirmed discoveries that cannot be neglected. This appears the better method for general purposes, though less instructive for showing the way science develops. There is now a mass of positive knowledge in genetics, independent of any preconceived theories that stands as firmly as any part of biological science; it is essentially the basic parts of this knowledge, not a mere theory that Mr. Morgan's book presents.

On no subject is there a greater printed volume of loose and irresponsible speculation than upon heredity and variation. A certain excuse for this existed in the past; in the absence of positive knowledge, one man's fancies seemed as good as another's. But those days are gone forever. Here we have a body of material that for the future must limit and underlie such speculations; with this material they must begin. Discussions which neglect it—as many still do—have no claim to serious consideration.

H. S. JENNINGS

An Economic Interpretation of Modern History

Thirty Years of Modern History. By William Kay Wallace. The Macmillan Company. $4.

IN his "Passing of Politics" Mr. Wallace expounded the thesis of the decay of the national state owing to the growth of interests and ideas which overshadowed politics. Here, again in a brilliant interpretation of the events of the last thirty years, he drives home the same lesson. The truism, that economic influences mold modern politics, is illustrated by a rapid but extremely able survey of critical events in the generation prior to the World War, the rising *Weltpolitik* of Germany, the diplomatic scheming of reviving France, the advent of the United States into foreign politics, the rise of Japan, the role of Russia, the new relations of East and West, the armed peace. This formal setting for the war is accompanied by an analysis of causes which discounts the importance of diplomacy and statecraft, making them the servants of the economic forces that were the new expressions of the "will to power" in the several nations. The rapid advances in industrial productivity with the development of shipping and banking, made the struggle for colonies and foreign markets even more intense. Germany was the first to yoke politics to economics, alike in her internal and external statecraft. Others followed. Economic activities more and more engaged the attention of politicians. But the modern state system was fundamentally unfitted to exercise the role and furnish the social institutions which modern industrial society demands. The war was a dramatic expression of their inadequacy, a declamation of the bankruptcy of the state.

The real rulers of tomorrow (even of today) are the grea

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banks, cartels, railroad and shipping combines, and the other organized instruments of great industry. The safety and progress of humanity depend upon the provision of economic institutions which shall convert these organs from profit-seeking businesses into modes of social service.

> Under the institutions of the future, the individual will not be called upon to express, through his vote, his views on problems of administration or public policy, as today he is not called upon to express his views regarding technical problems in industry. These will be left to the expert in the one case as in the other. In the new institutions the private interests of the individual will coincide with his public function. This function is to contribute to the productive efficiency of the community, which in turn will afford him an immediate reward for his labor.

Democracy is set aside, the state remaining as "an administrative mechanism for the maintenance of public security," shorn of all the economic functions it has been accumulating during the past century. The post-war revolutions in Europe and elsewhere are interpreted in terms of the passing of politics. This general statement of Mr. Wallace's thesis does no justice to his unusual skill as an interpreter of history. Some will think that he overstresses certain economic factors, and underestimates the survival value of the state. But his work deserves the attention of all students of public affairs.

J. A. HOBSON

Toward Objectivity

The Happy Marriage. By Archibald MacLeish. Houghton Mifflin Company. $1.25.
The Pot of Earth. By Archibald MacLeish. Houghton Mifflin Company. $1.25.
Streets in the Moon. By Archibald MacLeish. Houghton Mifflin Company. $5.

IN each of the last three years Mr. MacLeish has issued a volume of poems. While he has not yet exhibited his power in complete perfection and variety, his work at present yields a clue to an important solution of the contemporary problem. His chief character as a poet is his seriousness, which includes, through the fact of this attitude itself, an intellectual grasp of his position in the contemporary situation. He moves toward the formation of a set of objective values upon which his poetry can lean. The importance of these values, once articulated, will depend upon the degree to which their successive contexts (separate poems) are valid as aesthetic experience.

On the technical side, it is noteworthy that Mr. MacLeish's first volume represents, in its relative spiritual complacency, an aesthetic skepticism. That is to say, Mr. MacLeish in "The Happy Marriage" continued the familiar Meredithian situation with the attempt at universalizing it through merely personal terms. These values were internal to Mr. MacLeish; they never emerged in clean outline in the poems; there was a futility in the nice technique because it erected no stable significances in the end. The realization of this defect must have been the starting-point, the skepsis, of a more fundamental attack upon his problem.

"The Pot of Earth," however, brings Mr. MacLeish to its center. The framework of this poem is a vegetation myth out of "The Golden Bough," where the humane properties of the myth are reduced to historical law. The poet's rational intelligence moved in the right direction, in the effort to restore to the myth a *quality* of experience of which the historical method of Frazer had deprived it. He therefore delineated, as a content, as a quality of the myth, definite and *un*abstract, the sexual growth of a young girl. The poem fails because the myth is for some reason buried too deep in the modern consciousness to be revived with a full sense of its implications: the experiential quality which Mr. MacLeish

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wished to bestow upon the remote symbol remains external, parallel to the symbol. The poem exhibits once more the dissociated contemporary mind.

Another and more interesting instance of Mr. MacLeish's progress toward objective schematizations is his Einstein, the most ambitious poem in the third volume. He tries to infer, from the abstractions of Relativity, the qualitative experience which Einstein must have had in formulating them. The poem fails, on the same principle as "The Pot of Earth" fails: the poet does not assimilate the abstractions, and his style is a mixture of scientific restatement and image.

But the lyrics in "Streets in the Moon" represent an enormous advance since "The Happy Marriage." This can best be explained, I believe, in terms of the author's pursuit of objective, non-psychological values, in "The Pot of Earth" and in Einstein. The problem involved in these poems shifted his emphasis from the personal emotion conveyed to the pattern of its arrangement, to its framework. Of the fifty-two poems in the book fifteen, in my judgment, are completely successful—an astonishing achievement. We may hope for still greater purity of structure and of diction. For at present the course of Mr. MacLeish's stylistic development lies bare. He is obviously indebted to T. S. Eliot, possibly to Cummings; and undoubtedly to Joyce and Gertrude Stein, who have affected the prose writers of our time and the poets as well.

ALLEN TATE

Cardboard Greatness

The Plutocrat. By Booth Tarkington. Doubleday, Page and Company. $2.

THE American business man, as everyone knows, has been the butt of recent American writing. His backslapping, his complacency, and his belief in money as the root of all good have been fair game for satire. After the punishment he has taken he is entitled to a defense, and in "The Plutocrat" Booth Tarkington appears as the barbarian's knight. With plenty of stabs at the self-conscious aesthetes, he plans to reveal the boisterous, unself-conscious Illinois manufacturer, who has made himself a power in his city, as frankly a barbarian but a great one. He will reveal him, in fact, as more than that: as a modern Roman, who builds cities, gives commands, and is careless of the world's opinion of him. This was a fruitful idea, but it demanded masculinity in its development; and it is fortunate for the plutocrat himself that Mr. Tarkington has preferred to play safely with the easiest aspects of it.

He ingeniously presents his hero, taking a Mediterranean tour with his family, through the contemptuous eyes of Laurence Ogle, a recently successful New York playwright who is desperately anxious to be thought sophisticated. Before the trip across North Africa is over he has been gradually humiliated into realizing his own smallness before the unaffected magnificence of the man he had looked down on as a boor. But the dice are heavily loaded: Ogle is an insignificant snob whom no reader will believe capable of having written an intelligent play, and from his first appearance the reader's sympathy goes to the hearty, poker-playing Rotarian. The latter sweeps across North Africa, buying souvenirs and amazing the natives, while the story unrolls mechanically until the would-be sophisticate marries the plutocrat's daughter and learns to be proud of his father-in-law. The Great Barbarian has been reduced to a movie-proof hero in a scenario where the laughs are properly timed and the characters are stock types. Neither Ogle nor the plutocrat ever becomes a three-dimensional individual. It needed heat to make the plutocrat's greatness convincing, as Miss Cather once made Antonia's greatness unquestionable. Instead of heat Mr. Tarkington has supplied a verbal fire which shines but gives out no warmth.

LAWRENCE S. MORRIS

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There Is a World

e Realm of Mind. By F. J. E. Woodbridge. Columbia University Press. $1.75.

ETAPHYSICS, ostensibly an attempt to get at the ultimate principles which all experience involves, is frequently a ourse to notions which would be relevant to no experience atsoever. The great merit of Mr. Woodbridge's book is its nplicity and its appositeness to the world in which philosophy one among many other occurrences. Its doctrine is almost surdly simple and almost suspiciously sound. It will, therefore, beyond a doubt puzzle or astonish philosophers. Its net nclusions are that there is a world, that thinking goes on in d about that world, and that the fact that thinking does go on plies that the world is an intelligible structure.

All this may seem to need no argument, and Mr. Woodbridge's argument is in all conscience short enough. It would ed no argument at all if there had not already been so much ntroversy by philosophers who, without confronting the facts, ed to explain them. Mr. Woodbridge does not explain the rld; he points it out. He starts with the fact that thinking s on, as anyone else might point out the no less reverberant t that walking goes on. He proceeds to note the implications the kind of a world in which thinking occurs as one might te the implication of a body to do the walking and a ground walk on. Thinking involves a logical order as walking plies something solid upon which to tread. Thinking implies body as an agent to do the thinking, as talking implies a ngue to utter speech. "Implies" is used in no high speculative nse. Mr. Woodbridge is speaking of implications enforced by perience, not corollaries enforced by words.

The heart of the doctrine is the closing paragraph of the st of three short chapters:

> We point to the fact that our thinking is motivated, tested, and controlled by experience, that one fact or event in experience implies other facts or events and is implied by them, that, in short, there is a system of logical connections in experience which we do not invent, but which we discover by long searching. So we use the term mind to denote the fact that while experience is a matter of space and time, of objects, qualities, and relations, it is also a matter of implications and inferences. There is a logical structure in it. The realm of being is a realm of mind.

Mr. Woodbridge then proceeds to follow the fact of thinking two directions. In one direction he finds—as who does not?—t thinking is a bodily activity, and depends on the body for vigor and sustaining. Exploration in that direction is an air of the physiologist and the psychologist. The freest and st comprehensive of thinkers is often enough called rudely me by "aches, indignities, and pains" to convince him of the dily condition and limitation of thought.

But the metaphysician moves in another direction, too, and ds that "thought, wise, sane, and correct," is "limited not nply by the body, but by the world which that body inhabits. is limited by the genuine coherence of the things we think out. This coherence is not something we create but something discover. It is a realm of mind. Thus beginning with thinkwe find not two worlds, body and mind, but two modes of ng, physical and logical. These are not parallel or interact; they are two aspects of the universe. One aspect concerns ngs, and the other propositions about things. The universe a realm of mind, so to put it, because it is logically talked out, because it can be rendered in logical discourse." Rened in less austere language, Mr. Woodbridge is saying what s said at the beginning of this review, that there is a world, t it lends itself to logical discourse and is by that token ical. There can be coherence in conversation because there is oherence in things.

Mr. Woodbridge has one further point: he makes it in a ef chapter, and he is done. Mind is the name for the order

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of coherence in things expressed in the coherences of discourse. But this coherence is discovered by many individual minds which are the localized expressions of many individual bodies. These localized bodies with their special perspectives—"Many men, minds, many bodies"—"translate the universal logic of things into their own private but communicable discourse. The language of each man is his particularization of the order of things. The logic of each man is his provincial dialect of the language of nature. Many minds move in a common world, but there are many ways of rendering its character. No one way of translating the order of things is ultimate; the order of things *is* ultimate, however, and it is that order which gives a canon for measuring the relevance of any provincial human ideology."

Mr. Woodbridge's book might well have been longer. It is packed with metaphysical common sense. It reinstates the metaphysical imagination in the body of which it is the expression and in the world to which it refers. The book, thanks perhaps to Aristotle, is written with undecorated distinction and nobility. It confirms the opinion of any number of Dean Woodbridge's former students that he owes it to philosophy to desert or neglect administration, and write more. IRWIN EDMAN

The Moscow Road

The British General Strike. By Scott Nearing. The Vanguard Press. 50 cents.

Must Britain Travel the Moscow Road? By Norman Angell. London: Noel Douglas. 5s.

WILL British Labor take the Moscow Road toward Socialism? Scott Nearing answers Yes. The General Strike was a sign that the turning had been made. His book is a useful but inadequate and one-sided account of the strike. It does not claim, however, to be a history, but merely "an economic interpretation of its background and its significance." The interpretation being of a Marxian character the background is a picture of the growing decay of British capitalism, with the coal crisis as the outstanding symptom. While capitalism has declined Labor has risen. Organized industrially and politically, it has relied hitherto on political action to give effect to its ideas of social change. The Labor Government proved this reliance futile, for, says naive Nearing, "after nine months of Labor Government British capitalists were still exploiting workers and British workers were still the bondsmen of capitalists." The General Strike drove the lesson home and pointed an alternative method. It "smashed the idea of evolutionary and constitutional development in Great Britain." The strike was direct action—revolutionary in fact if not in intention. Moreover, the actions of the Government showed that the state was merely a strike-breaking capitalist instrument, useless for the achievement of Socialism even if controlled by a majority Labor Government. And so the future will bring forth bigger and better general strikes; society will be paralyzed; and then . . .

But before revolutionary ardor carries British Labor to the barricades perhaps it will consider what Norman Angell has to say. He does not think that revolution is impossible. Should the Tories try to obstruct the constitutional highway, Labor might well attempt the revolutionary short cut. But he mistrusts the sign-posting on that route. Does it really lead directly and rapidly to Socialism or is there a bend somewhere, invisible from the start, which brings it back to join the old road?

Norman Angell's book is an answer to Trotzky's "Whither England?" Trotzky has a profound dislike for the present methods of British Labor. Parliamentarianism, he argues, is hopelessly slow. While the MacDonalds and the Webbs pursue cowardly tactics of compromise, persuasion, conciliation, they merely bolster the outworn fabric of British capitalism. If Labor wants socialism it must push aside these exponents of "gradualism" and prepare for revolution. Where Russia suc-

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eded Britain can follow. But, asks Norman Angell, has Rus- succeeded? "Has civil war, coercion, force, no compromise, gradualism, proved successful in Russia in destroying capi- lism and private property and substituting a workable so- alism?" He goes on to suggest that the really fundamental ange wrought in Russia by the revolution is the transfer of e land to the peasants. This is a change away from social- m, and hardly one the Bolsheviks were working for. They anted to bring the village within the orbit of Communism. the early years they endeavored to bring about a "compul- ry organization of production." The refusal of the peasants cooperate and the breakdown of the attempts to coerce them sulted in the New Economic Policy. The fact that the Bolshe- ks have been unable to impose an economic system by force es not condemn them, as Angell is careful to point out, but does mean that they "have not been successful in their tempt to avoid 'gradualness,' to skip the intervening stages tween capitalism and complete socialism."

Would British Bolsheviks be more likely to succeed? The swer to that question depends upon the attitude of the tech- cal and professional workers. These form a very consider- le portion of the population and are as essential to the echanism of an industrial state as the manual workers. For e most part they depend on their salaries and theoretically ould side with the workers against a common exploiter. In act, however, they form part of the bourgeoisie, and although e Labor Party by methods of persuasion has won many re- uits from their ranks, the majority would be found in the actionary camp in the event of a revolution. The seizure of wer by the workers might be accomplished without their aid, t for the reorganization of industry their cooperation would indispensable. After the bitterness of a civil war would ey cooperate? And if not could they be coerced? Norman ngell answers both questions in the negative, and if he is right e must agree that the chances of a rapid transformation of itish industry by a revolution are exceedingly slim. British olsheviks, like Russian Bolsheviks, even if successful in main- ining a dictatorship, would have to fall back on "gradual- ess," persuasion, conciliation; reinstate capitalism in many irections; build up their new world brick by brick.

Norman Angell's book expresses with admirable logic and larity the views of the majority of British Socialists. They re not yet convinced that civil war would accelerate their pro- ram. The Trotzkys and Nearings must persevere. They can unt, at least, on the wholehearted cooperation of Churchill nd his friends.

KEITH HUTCHISON

The Creator of Modern Opera

Monteverdi, His Life and Work. By Henry Prunières. E. P. Dutton and Company. $4.

M. PRUNIÈRES, well known to musicians as the editor of the *Revue Musicale* of Paris, has written what will oubtless take its place as the standard book on Monteverdi. t does full justice to the many-sided activities of the man who was so great a master of the older polyphonic style that e wrote madrigals of great technical skill as well as passion- te expression, and at the same time was so innovating a spirit hat he did more than anyone else to develop from the early Florentine operas of Peri, Caccini, and others a vivid and xpressive type of music drama. The book is in three parts, ne devoted to the early years at Cremona and in the service f the Duke of Mantua, one to an analysis of the earliest ramas, "Orféo" and "Arianna," and one to the later years t Venice. There are also well-documented notes, a catalogue f Monteverdi's works, and a copious selection from his let- ers, printed in the original Italian, as well as a bibliography nd index.

Together with his thorough scholarship, M. Prunières has he sense of musical and human values needed by a biographer

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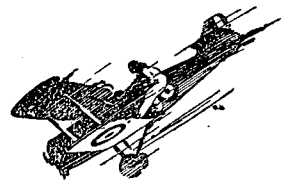

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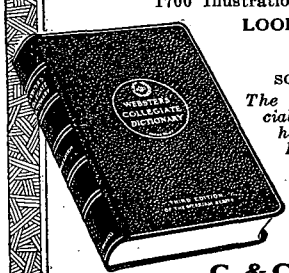

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of so vivid a personality as Monteverdi's. He makes the court life of the time real to us as we read, and gives by artfully composed detail rather than by a special eloquence of presentation a sense of the incongruously mingling brilliance and primitiveness of the period, the strange chaotic Italian scene. Monteverdi, for example, heart-broken at the death of his wife in September, 1608, is nevertheless ordered by his patron, the Duke of Mantua, to prepare an opera for the occasion of the marriage of the Duke to Marguerite of Savoy. He composes his "Arianna," containing the famous Lament of Ariadne (the only part that has been preserved), and after some delays it is finally given in May in the castle, before an audience of from four to six thousand. The Lament "drew tears from the whole assembly" we are told. M. Prunières justly says: "This is incontestably Monteverdi's finest dramatic passage. Grief is expressed with a majesty which recalls the masterpieces of ancient Greece. Heart-rending as it is, this grief is without grimace or convulsion. This is no mere recitative: words have become song, and this passage remained unparalleled in its intensity until the advent of Gluck." The Duchess, however, finds the subject "a little gloomy for performance at a wedding," and commands a denouement in Act V in which Bacchus is to appear as a liberator God and "marry the blushing Cretan." Everybody is pleased (save perhaps Monteverdi) and a contemporary informs us that "Fifteen excellent dancers, dressed as soldiers of Bacchus, executed a dance composed entirely of caprioles." So little does the world of opera change through the ages, even for a genius like Monteverdi.

DANIEL GREGORY MASON

The Better Side of the Senate

The American Senate. By Lindsay Rogers. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

WHETHER or not the Senate is in need of the defense which Professor Rogers offers in this able book is a question regarding which readers will probably differ according to their political persuasion. However unlike the role which the framers of the Constitution cast for it the Senate has in practice become, the upper house of our national legislature has contrived to resist successfully the resounding attacks that have been launched against it, chiefly, it would seem, by paying no keen attention to them; while the latest assault, directed by Vice-President Dawes at the custom of unrestricted debate, appears to have fallen pretty flat. On the other hand, the eternal vigilance which is said to be the price of liberty makes it worth while to evaluate again and again even the most sacred institutions, and the skilful fashion in which Professor Rogers performs the task for the Senate, joined to the fact that his illustrations are drawn mainly from recent years, gives his book a freshness which many political treatises sadly lack.

The main theme of the book, of course, is the closure. "Abolish the closure," Professor Rogers declares, "and the Senate will gradually sink to the level of the House of Representatives, where there is less deliberation and debate than in any other legislative assembly." What makes the Senate the most powerful upper house in the world is its procedure, an intricate subject to which little attention has been paid, but while the United States "possesses a Senate which is undemocratic in its composition, and which enjoys enormous powers for the exercise of which it cannot be held responsible," the Senate remains "the single American institution that can enforce some measure of responsibility and mitigate the autocracy and security which may be synonymous with the dogma of the separation of powers."

Unfortunately, the Constitution affords no method of determining that the President and two-thirds of the Senate actually represent public opinion, but the very want of constitutional prescription would seem to be, for the country, a saving grace. Unrestricted debate has undoubtedly wasted a good deal

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time, fastened upon the nation a certain amount of bad islation, and prevented the enactment of some laws that might ve turned out to be good, but quite as often it has defeated oposals later seen to have been objectionable. The Senate s manhandled treaties, as John Hay found to his irritation, t it would be hard to point to any treaty which has been jected that the country gave any marked indication later of ving wanted. Had the Senate never done anything except reject the Treaty of Versailles, it would have justified its istence and been entitled to forgiveness for a multitude of is.

This is not to say that the Senate, any more than the ouse, ranks high as a legislative body. "The fact of the mat- r is," according to Professor Rogers, "that the American ongress performs its three major functions most incompe- ntly," and this notwithstanding that "the ability and honesty the House and the Senate are far greater than the average the country." There remains, however, the priceless power investigation, and although Senatorial investigations, which r outnumber those of the House or of the two bodies jointly, e often meddlesome and seldom complete, they help to keep e Executive in hand. Incidentally, too, the free-talking Senate es something to offset the predatory influence of White House opaganda, of whose operations under the present regime rofessor Rogers gives a devastating account.

WILLIAM MACDONALD

Books in Brief

ristotle. *The Nicomachean Ethics.* Translated by H. Rackham. Aristotle. *The "Art" of Rhetoric.* Translated by John Henry Freese. Eusebius. *The Ecclesiastical History. Vol. I.* Translated by Kirsopp Lake. Saint Basil. *The Letters. Vol. I.* Translated by Roy J. Deferrari. Plato. *Laws. Vol. II.* Translated by R. G. Bury. Horace. *Satires, Epistles, and Ars Poetica.* Translated by H. Rushton Fairclough. Cicero. *Philippics.* Translated by Walter C. A. Ker. Livy. *Vol. IV.* Translated by B. O. Foster. The Loeb Classical Library. G. P. Putnam's Sons $2.50 each.

It is excellent to see Aristotle in this great collection at st, and to see the early Christian writings extended to take in usebius and Saint Basil. Professor Bury's translation of the Laws," now completed, promises to rank with the most read- ble in the series. Mr. Fairclough's Horace, like all that have one before it, is less penetrable than it might have been— hough the way of Horace's satires is hard.

ucian, Satirist and Artist. By Francis G. Allison. *Aeschylus and Sophocles, Their Work and Influence.* By J. T. Sheppard. *Modern Traits in Old Greek Life.* By Charles Burton Gulick. Our Debt to Greece and Rome. Longmans, Green and Company. $1.75 each.

The first of these new volumes in an engaging series, now ssued from another than its original house, is the most critical nd informing—though the omission of Fielding's name among he English debtors to Lucian amounts to a major crime. Mr. heppard struggles valiantly with a divided subject; and Mr. ulick, though he tells a good deal about old Greek life, does ot make good his title.

dwin Arlington Robinson. By Ben Ray Redman. Robert M. McBride and Company. $1.

Mr. Redman lacks any critical method, and so descends into emization of the beauties and blemishes in Mr. Robinson's sucessive volumes. But he is always sound and sensible in these eparate judgments, and in general he conveys a clear notion of hat his hero—for the book is frankly worshipful—has been oing through the thirty years of his authorship. A much more seful and illuminating essay than Lloyd Morris's, published a ew years ago.

A Bill of Rights for Samoa

¶ Naval autocrats have ruled American Samoa since it was annexed in 1900.

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Humoresque. By Humbert Wolfe. Henry Holt and Company. $2.

Mr. Wolfe has his moments, but they are few. And we have experienced them before, in the poetry of the nineties generally; in the verse of Ernst Dowson in particular. Mr. Wolfe's dandyism is wholly of the surface—which, perhaps, explains the insensitive rhythms, the machine-turned imagery, the unintelligent invocation of worn-out poetical properties. Whatever else Mr. Wolfe may be, he is not a poet.

The Practical Book of Learning Decoration and Furniture. By Edward Stratton Holloway. J. B. Lippincott Company. $4.50.

A great deal of information for the collector and the furnisher, presented enthusiastically.

Fogs and Clouds. By William J. Humphreys. Baltimore: The Williams and Wilkins Company. $4.

The photographs, hardly anywhere to be matched for beauty and completeness, are more important than the text.

River Thames. By F. V. Morley. Illustrated in Color and with Maps by Laurence Irving. Harper and Brothers. $6.

An agreeable tour of a famous stream. Mr. Morley knows the literature with which the Thames is drenched, and makes excellent use of it, both poetry and prose.

The Black Death. A Chronicle of the Plague. Compiled by Johannes Nohl from Contemporary Sources. Translated by C. H. Clarke. Harper and Brothers.

Light for the layman on the causes, incidents, and social results of the most terrible of Western epidemics.

The Gang. A Study of 1313 Gangs in Chicago. By Frederic M. Thrasher. University of Chicago Press. $3.

Few more specific and useful, not to say fascinating studies of American society have been made.

Spenser. By Emile Legouis. E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.

An abridgment of the author's larger work in French, this essay pleasantly makes out Spenser to be not the great moral poet some would like to think him, but a painter in verse.

Robinson Jeffers: The Man and the Artist. By George Sterling. Boni and Liveright. $1.

The only distinction of this book is that it is the first in the field. Readers of Mr. Jeffers will learn a few facts about his life and his already fabulous house at Carmel, but the critical part, while generous to a fault, it not of importance.

Poppies and Ma dragora. Poems by Edgar Saltus. With twenty-three additional poems by Marie Saltus. Harold Vinal. $2.

Mostly unpublished poems by this romantic pessimist of the nineties.

A Year Among the Persians. Impressions as to the Life, Character, and Thought of the People of Persia. By Edward Granville Browne. With a Memoir by Sir E. Denison Ross. The Macmillan Company.

A welcome reissue of a travel classic which remotely rivals "Arabia Deserta."

The Minor Poems of Dante. Translated into English Verse by Lorna De' Lucchi. Oxford University Press. $2.50.

This first venture upon an important task is conspicuously successful.

The Mind of Rome. Contributions by Cyril Bailey, J. Bell, and Others. Oxford University Press. $3.50.

Extracts from Roman literature, arranged under pertinent heads and illustrated by photographs of places and works of art.

Collections and Reprints

A Complete History of the Lives and Robberies of the Mo Notorious Highwaymen, Footpads, Shoplifts, and Chea of Both Sexes. By Captain Alexander Smith. Edite by Arthur L. Hayward. Brentano's. $7.

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Golden Tales of Anatole France. Dodd, Mead and Company. $

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The Letters of George Eliot. Selected with an introduction b R. Brimley Johnson. The Dial Press. $2.50.

Collected Poems of Thomas Hardy. The Macmillan Company $3.50.

The History of the Life of the Late Mr. Jonathan Wild th Great. By Henry Fielding. To which is added *The Lif and Actions of Jonathan Wild.* By Daniel Defoe. Wit an introduction by Wilson Follett. The Borzoi Classics Alfred A. Knopf. $4.

The Best Poems of 1926. Edited by L. A. G. Strong. Dodd Mead and Company. $2.

Collected Poems of John G. Neihardt. The Macmillan Company $4.

Art

A Lively Sculptor

HER name first attracted me to Tennessee Mitchell Anderson whose humorous and beautiful show of sculpture recently divided honors at the Whitney Studio Club with paintings by Leon Hartl. "You wouldn't dare name a baby for a woman like Tennessee Claflin," a timid neighbor had said to her mother, bu her mother, who approved of adventurousness in women, dared do it immediately.

When she was seventeen Tennessee Mitchell, who had been to school a little but studied violin a great deal, found her home made intolerable by a stepmother, so she took her little sister and went to Chicago to earn a living. Her music teacher had told her she had a perfect ear, which suggested to her, not the romance of the concert stage but that she might get work as a piano tuner. The managers of piano stores thought her ambition absurd; the piano-tuners' union was shocked. But she did become a specialist in tuning pianos just before the big concerts, and worked at her trade some time before she adopted the profession of teacher.

She became a sculptor by accident. During a winter near Mobile, Alabama, she began to play with the varicolored muds and clays that paint the gulleys of the country round. With a hairpin she fashioned the lumps into heads, not precisely intending to make portraits; but her companions began to recognize them as such. Photographs of those first types will be vividly

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recalled by all readers of Sherwood Anderson's "The Triumph of the Egg," in which they were included half as illustration and half as decoration.

Some of those first mud pies were not altogether good modeling. I remember an ear that did not quite fit, and they were not exactly beautiful. The people in the "Spoon River Anthology" were most of them lacking in loveliness, but like them and the characters in "Winesburg, Ohio" Tennessee's clay people have always been believable. They bring poignant moments of understanding for folks met long ago, half noticed and forgotten.

The catalogue of the recent show was arranged chronologically. There has been steady growth since the accident of five years ago. "Club Woman," "At the Opera," "Seen at Bertrand Russell's Lecture" are done with heightened irony. "In a Street Car" is as bold as any of George Grosz, an estimate in miniature of contemporary common life. The small plaster figures ("Two Lives") of two women leaning back to back, the large breasts of the one balancing the pregnancy of the other, though literary in appeal, are a departure toward more abstract arrangement. The bas-relief called "Faces" flows like a classic frieze. There is a mask, "Good Living," not to be missed, and "The Flapper," a statuette executed in nickel, is a joke all her own.

I do not know how the stars and garters are given out in sculpture or just what merits the word "import..nt." I once heard a collector call it absurd to make sculpture like this, and a member of the conventional trade union of sculptors say that Mrs. Anderson's portrait of Arthur Aldis was "dr adful." But this is mere repetition of her piano-tuning days. The truth about her show at the Whitney Club is that it had the breath of everyday American life in it.

ERNESTINE EVANS

Drama

Contemporaneity

ONE might suppose that no characters would be easier to create than those cast in the mold of the people about one, and that no dialogue would be easier to write than that which employs the idiom of the moment. Such, however, is far from the case. Both motivation and language are more easily imitated from books or from plays than from life, and only those possessed of a very rare gift are capable of producing a representation of the contemporary scene which is completely free from merely literary echoes in the language and the sentiment. Of the plays which deal with modern life in its more familiar aspects, not one in a score escapes an occasional shattering of the illusion by the introduction of some sentiment (usually exalted) or of some turn of phrase (usually formal) which reflects the traditions of the stage rather than the manners of the day, and which thus destroys the effect of all those pieces which have naturalness as their chief aim.

Doubtless contemporaneity as such is not one of the highest artistic virtues. We can never know any time not our own well enough to know just how accurately a work of the past reflects the accent and the mood of the society which it reflects, and hence absolute fidelity in such matters plays no part in assuring that permanence by which art is usually judged. Yet however ultimately trivial it may be, it is not only highly difficult to achieve but absolutely necessary for stamping essentially ephemeral works with that *cachet* which gives them their current importance.

Such complete contemporaneity is the most striking characteristic of Maxwell Anderson's absorbing and moving comedy-drama "Saturday's Children" (Booth Theater). Its theme—the year of adjustment which follows marriage—has been a favorite one, at least since the success of "The First Year," and even the three scenes about which the action is centered —the proposal, the new home, and the rooming-house to wh the discontented wife has fled—are familiar, but never has theme been treated or the scenes represented with a m absolutely convincing fidelity. The language, without be exaggerated after the manner of those plays like "Is Zat S which create a speech of their own out of popular eleme never once misses both the form and cadence of contempor speech; the range of ideas and sentiments attributed to characters maintains the same verisimilitude; and from beginning to the end of the piece the perfection of the illus is never disturbed by any echoes. Again and again laughter which recognition provokes bursts from the audie but it is always everyday life, not the convention of the st which is recognized.

Nor is this contemporaneity something which affects surface alone, for it is a characteristic not only of the p sonages themselves but of the point of view from which th creator has regarded them as well. Without ever complet leaving the plane of comedy, he has grappled sincerely w their problem as it appears both to them and to him, refusing the merely sentimental conclusion of the John Gol school, he leaves it in that state of confusion characteri of the times. Here is no mere question of a lovers' quar to be made up over a crib. The two young people concer are too sophisticate and too keenly aware of their own si ation for that. Love brought them together and it is l that they desire. They wanted each other, they did not w the responsibilities, the discords, and the difficulties wh marriage, the conventional sequel of love, entails; and wh they get them all they are frank enough to admit where difficulty lies. Upon the stage of the theater a little exal preachment furnished by a convenient *deus* and touching up the social duties of parenthood and citizenship would usua be sufficient to bring down the curtain upon a happy end, it is not so here and not always so upon the larger stage. the first place no such *deus* is provided because the father the girl is not himself sure that his respectable life, which h accomplished nothing except to provide two girls to start whole thing over again, was worth while and because t young people, naively wise with the naive wisdom of t modern city, would not have heard him had he been the Without realizing it they are playing their parts in a gigan struggle—the struggle between Nature which insists that live our lives for others and Human Nature which yields le and less easily to those demands—and because, though th know no way out, they are, like so many, no longer sure th Nature is right, no longer convinced that there is anythi worth giving up the happiness of their own lives for, th end with a mere temporization. Beneath Mr. Anderson's co edy is a mood, not of cynicism, but of something akin to t melancholy of despair. He has envisaged frankly the fa that marriage and children and the humdrum life of t family are not what most young lovers want, and no me facile sentiment is enough to reconcile him to the fact th society requires that these are what they shall get.

Doubtless this comedy has no enduring value. Twent five years from now the minute verisimilitude which mak it so real today will be no longer recognizable and the aspe under which its problem is presented will no longer be once so familiar in daily experience and so rare upon t stage. At the present moment, however, I know no play whi seems to me to reflect so exactly the manners and the sou of that section of "the younger generation" with which it deal In every respect the accent of Mr. Anderson is absolute contemporary.

"Yours Truly" (Shubert Theater) is an elaborate spectac vacillating between the slight continuity required of music comedy and the utter unconsecutiveness of the revue. It presented by a former aid of Mr. Ziegfeld in much the Ziegfe manner. Leon Errol keeps it amusing.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

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